WARREN ELLIS

# SCARS™

A graphic novel

Illustrated by

JACEN BURROWS

II.
A. Scalp contusion
B. Linear, comminuted fracture of right side of skull
C. pattern of contusions of right cerebral hemisphere
Subdural hemorrhage
Petechial hemorrhages
of face
Craniocerebral injuries
V. Abrasion and
VI. Ligature of right wrist

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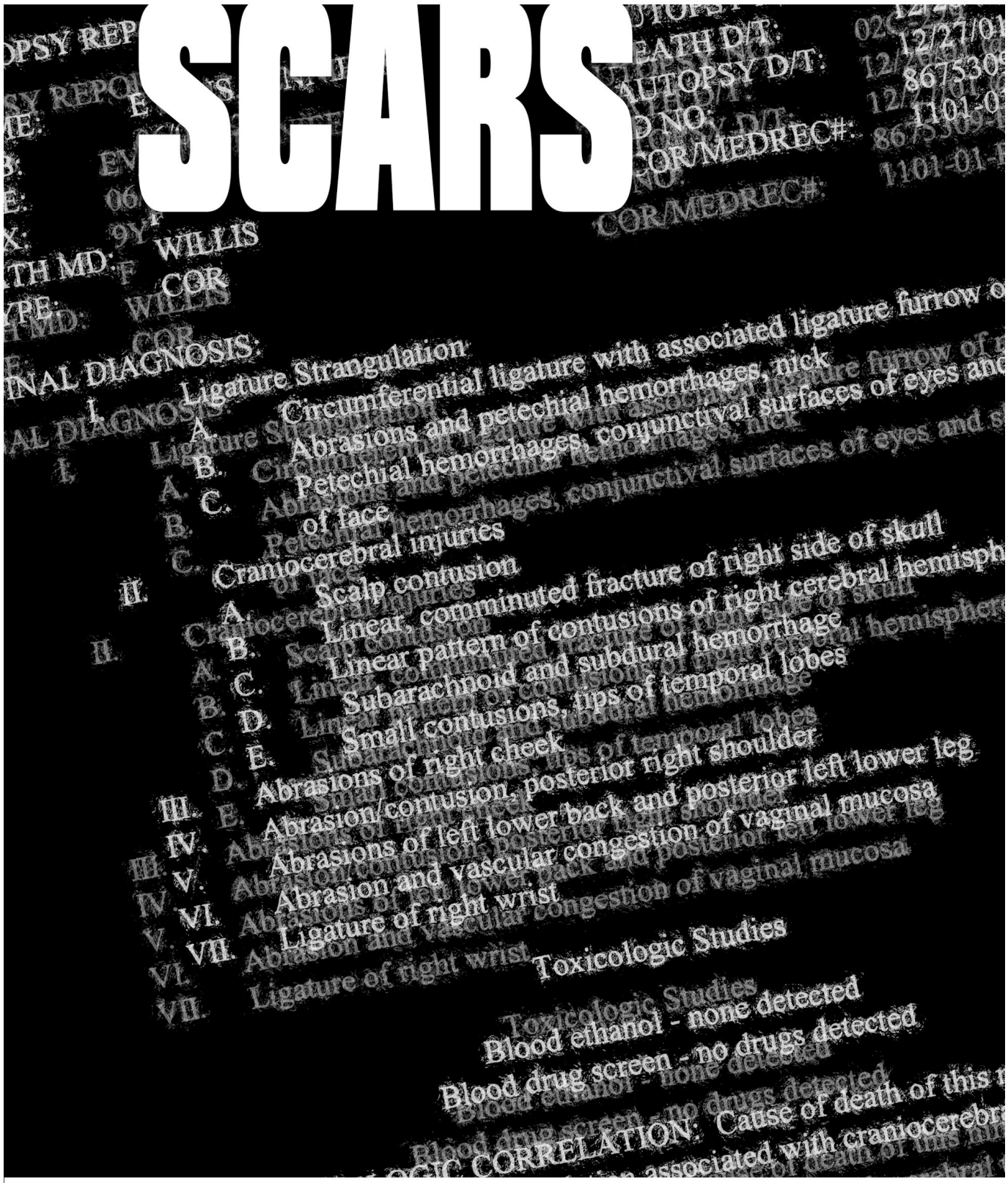
introduction
**MATT FRACTION**

additional essays
**STEVEN GRANT**

www.avatarpress.com

# SCARS


FINAL DIAGNOSIS:
I. Ligature Strangulation
A. Circumferential ligature with associated ligature furrow
B. Abrasions and petechial hemorrhages, nick
C. Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes and
of face
II. Craniocerebral injuries
A. Scalp contusion
B. Linear, comminuted fracture of right side of skull
C. Linear pattern of contusions of right cerebral hemisph
D. Subarachnoid and subdural hemorrhage
E. Small contusions, tips of temporal lobes
III. Abrasions of right cheek
IV. Abrasion/contusion, posterior right shoulder
V. Abrasions of left lower back and posterior left lower leg
VI. Abrasion and vascular congestion of vaginal mucosa
VII. Ligature of right wrist
Toxicologic Studies
Blood ethanol - none detected
Blood drug screen - no drugs detected
CORRELATION: Cause of death of this
associated with craniocerebr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AVATAR

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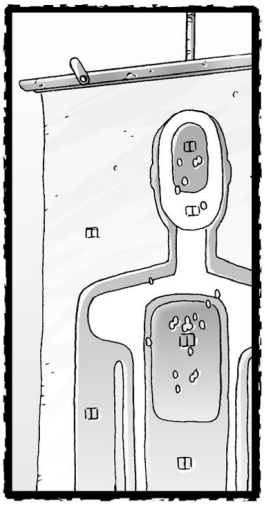
# SCARS



## introduction by matt fraction

The first book I remember loving—actively, vigorously loving—was called *There's A Monster at the End of this Book*. In it, a beloved puppet warns that there is, in fact, a monster at the end of the book, and he does everything to prevent the reader from reaching the end. It's horrible, we're told, it's absolutely awful, turn back, stop, please don't keep reading lest you reach the end and find the monster, and wet your pants. Walls are built. Warnings, issued.

By book's end, the last page is turned, and the monster is revealed in a metafictional funtime headfuck to be our beloved puppet, and it was only our beloved puppet all along, and weren't we all silly for being afraid of our beloved puppet and all that. We're all alone, just the monster and us, and we're laughing, laughing, because we didn't wet our pants and we were afraid for no reason at all, ha ha ha! Our hearts swell with love! Isn't it great to not be scared any more?

This is horrifying, this *Scars* book you hold in your hands right now. Put it down and walk away. There's a monster at the end of this book, and you're not going to shake it off with a laugh.

Introductions are, I think, supposed to be some kind of value-add to a collection, or the kind of thing to get casual browsers to commit to buying when they otherwise may still be pondering picking up. But, as I said, this is pretty fucking horrifying, what you're about to read.

Unlike some of Ellis' other works, *Scars* is not "good fun." It contains no "fan-pleasing action;" you will be at a loss to compare it to the "widescreen movies that fill the multiplexes every summer;" there is absolutely no "magical nastiness" anywhere here.

Those were phrases I found on the Internet, culled from otherwise fine reviews of Ellis' other works, useless to provide a little context here.

You are not in for a good time. Seriously. Look under D for *Dark Blue* and get another Ellis and Burrows collaboration. Put this book back on the shelf and get one of Ellis' other comics, one of the ones with the explosions and

spaceships and colors and the whatnots, if that's what you're looking for. That's what most everyone else who regularly read comics did, I think.

Which means that not many folks got to see how ably Ellis has been aided and abetted by Jacen Burrows, and that's just a goddamn shame. Burrows has turned a personal corner with the work he's put down here. Never a slouch in the talent department, Burrows takes the material given here and just *explodes*. He controls pages and panels full of difficult imagery (to say the least), dramatic moments, and otherwise captures a life fragmenting and a mind falling apart under grotesque, nightmarish circumstances. He transmits information from a place half-heard and half felt, as disquieting as an empty lifeboat washing up on shore. The power in *Scars'* punch, packed by Burrows' pen, comes not from a flashy performance, but rather a brutal and swift one. Ellis shoves, Burrows crouches behind, and by the end of the second part you're ass over teakettle.

As a writer, Ellis has never shied away from the traditions of social fiction, no matter what genre he's dwelling in at the time. Reading about the horrors of the world filtered through the good fun and fan-pleasing action one comes to expect from comics' mainstream never fails to soften the blow around the edges, that sugarcoating of genre always helping the medicine go down.

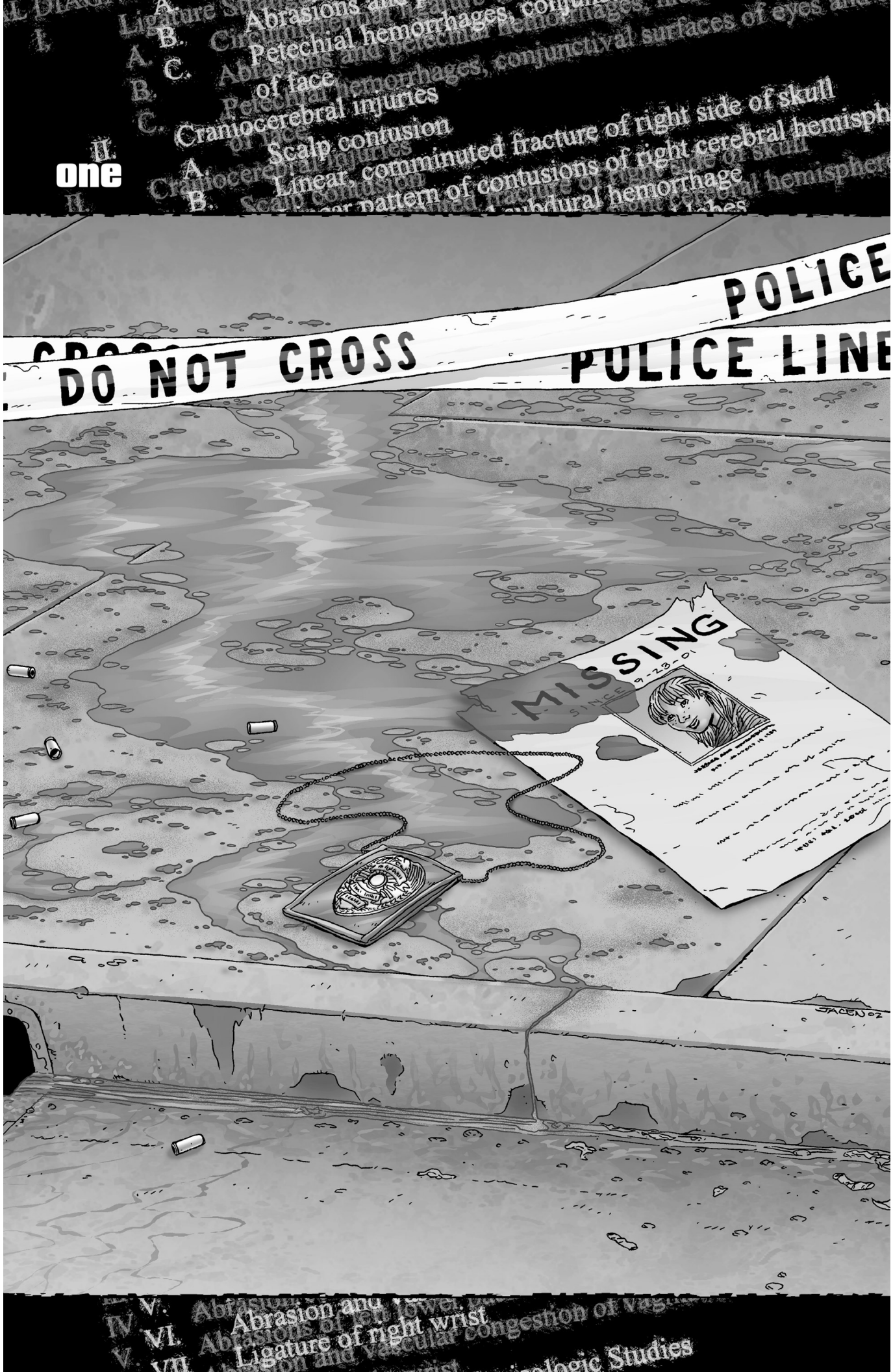
I think people may have stayed away from *Scars* because those barriers are gone, and maybe the idea of these two freed up from that kind of metaphor seemed a guarantee of no good fun. No fan-pleasing action. *Scars* is not like the widescreen movies that fill multiplexes every summer. The nastiness in its pages is all too human. Ellis and Burrows have made a nightmare for adults, utterly real and tragically normal, drawn up from the dregs of their own fear.

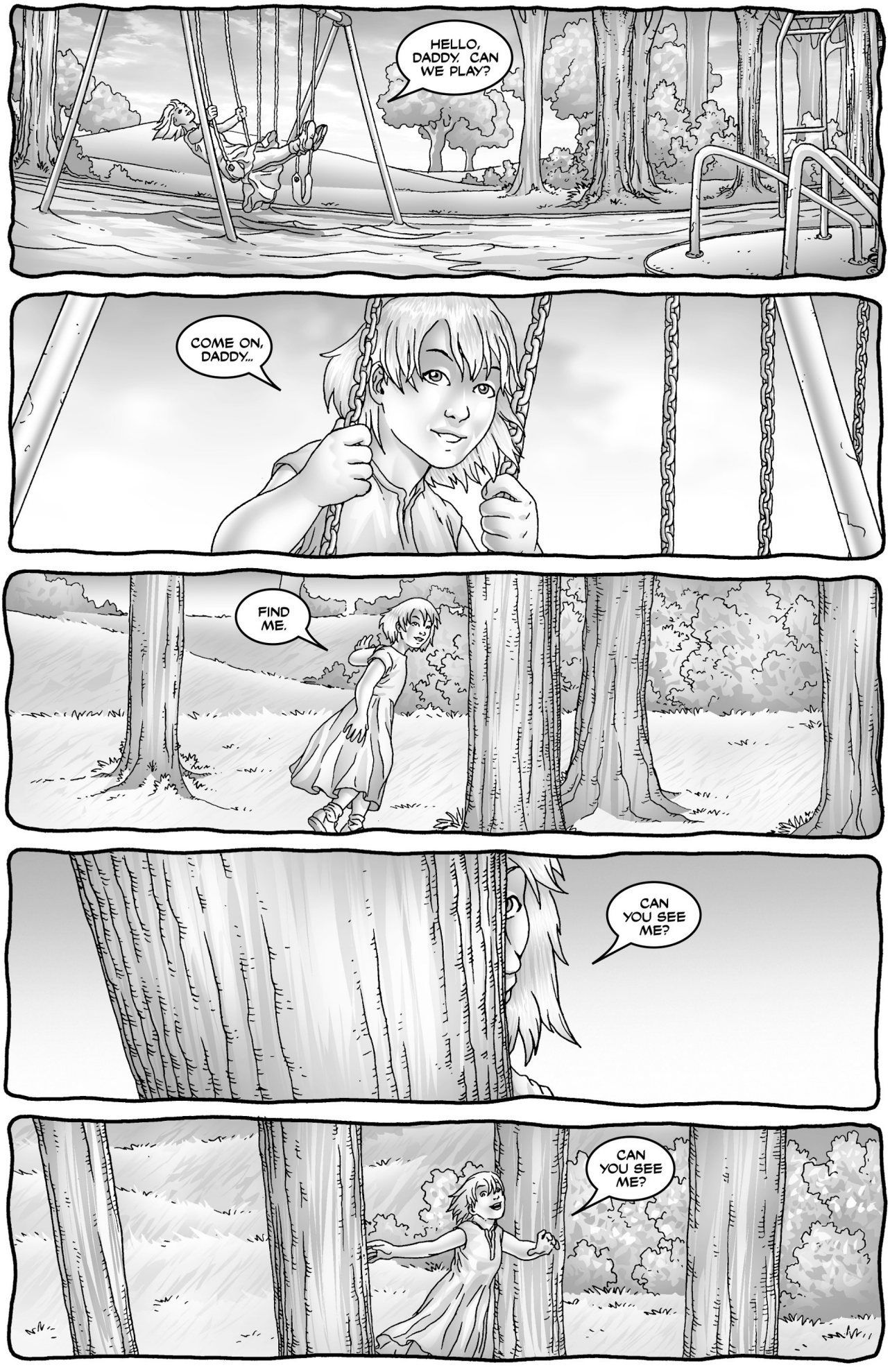
I asked to write this, you know. And when I did, Ellis asked back, "Why on Earth would you *want* to?"

And he's right. There's a monster at the end of this book.

Put it down. Walk away.

This book will break your heart.


one
DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE
POLICE
MISSING
JACEN 02


HELLO, DADDY. CAN WE PLAY?
COME ON, DADDY...
FIND ME.
CAN YOU SEE ME?
CAN YOU SEE ME?

YOU SEE IT?
WHUH?
WAKE UP, JOHN. THIS IS IT.
WHAT WE GOT?
MULTIPLE SHOOTING, TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS SECURED THE SCENE, NO-ONE ELSE ON SITE YET.
JOY.
DEEP JOY.
POLICE

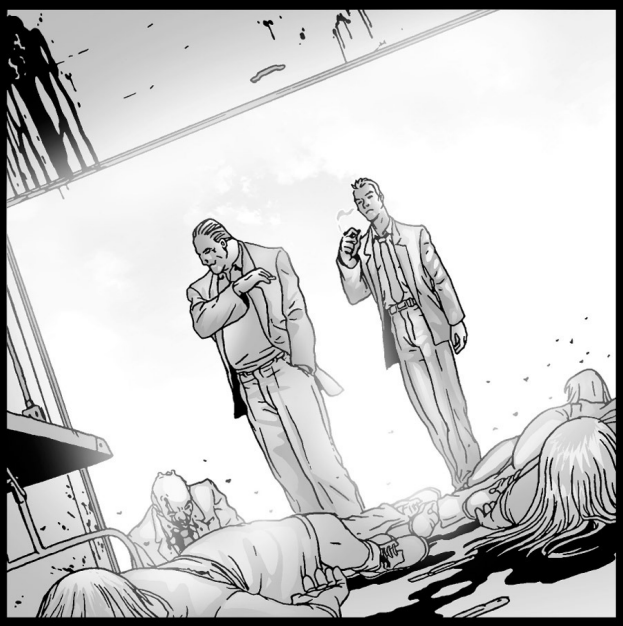
WAS IT WITNESSED OR REPORTED?
REPORTED. APPARENTLY SOUNDED LIKE WORLD WAR THREE IN HERE.
YOU THE HOMICIDE GUYS?

I'M DETECTIVE CAIN. DETECTIVE AMERSHAM.
ALL YOURS.
HEY, SLOW DOWN. WHERE'S THE OTHER UNIFORM?

GOING TO GET HIM. HE'S ROUND BACK, PUKING UP HIS LAST THREE MEALS.
WEAK STOMACH, HUH?
HELL, NO. HE'S CHUCKING IT A GOOD EIGHT, NINE FEET.

AW, FUCK...
CHRIST, THE ***STINK***... GOT A CIGARETTE, PAT?

AW, MAN...
TO COVER THE STINK.
BULLSHIT.
OH, GIMME A BREAK. WHO DO YOU KNOW ON HOMICIDE WHO QUITS AND STAYS QUIT?
HAMILTON.
HAMILTON'S DEAD.
HE QUIT.
HE DIED OF FUCKING LUNG CANCER.
HOW QUIT DO YOU WANT?
SHUT UP BEFORE I SHOOT YOU MYSELF.



PASSPORT
PASSPORT

BASTARDS.
WITH THE DRUGS AND ALL, I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS US OR VICE, MAN...
IT'S VICE, PAT. THIS ISN'T FOR US.
YOU SOUND PRETTY DAMN SURE OF YOURSELF.
PLANE TICKET STUBS, PASSPORTS. THE WOMEN WERE MULES. THIS IS THE DROP.
BEST GUESS: WHILE THEY WERE HANDING THE SHIT OVER AND GETTING THEIR MONEY, A RIVAL GANG COMES IN. SOMEONE TIPPED THEM.
SO HOW'D THEY MULE THE SHIT IN?
DEAD BABIES.

TELL ME YOU'RE JOKING.
THE PEOPLE SITTING NEXT TO THEM ON THE PLANE MUST'VE BEEN AMAZED AT HOW QUIET THEIR KIDS WERE.
HOW THEY SEEMED TO SLEEP THE WHOLE FLIGHT.
AT POINT A, THE KIDS WERE CUT OPEN, HAD THEIR GUTS SCOOPED OUT, THE PACK SEWN IN. THIS IS POINT B; CUT THE BABY OPEN, RETRIEVE THE PACK--
--INCINERATE THE EVIDENCE. AW, JESUS...
GIVE IT TO VICE.
YOU SURE, JOHN?
WHAT, YOU DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH HOMICIDES TONIGHT OR SOMETHING?

CHILD SHIELD: CHILDREN'S AID CHARITY
603
PRIVATE PARKING

TIME TO GO HOME, TIME TO GO HOME...

JENNY! SOMEONE'S LEFT SOME BOXES OUT HERE!
WHAT ARE THEY?

WHAT?
YOU ARE DEAF AS A DAMN POST, ANNA. I SAID, WHAT ARE THEY? CLOTHES? BOOKS?

NO CALL FOR LANGUAGE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE. I WAS GOING TO LOCK UP FOR THE NIGHT...
OPEN THEM UP. IF IT'S USEFUL STUFF, BRING IT IN. IF NOT, LEAVE IT FOR THE GARBAGE.
COPIES - SIGNS
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

NO SMOKING
ALWAYS SO DAMN LOUD IN HERE.
DAMN SCREAMS. DAMN YELLING. DAMN GUN JUST WENT OFF TWENTY MINUTES AGO. DAMN NEAR DIED IN MY CHAIR.
HOW'S IT GOING, CAIN?

HEY, SINGER. I'M SURVIVING.
WHAT, SEEING IF YOU'RE STILL PRETTY?
CAIN, HOW LONG YOU BEEN ON HOMICIDE NOW? THREE YEARS? FOUR?
YOU'RE GONNA BE A DAMN SIGHT PRETTIER THAN THAT BEFORE IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO.
GREAT. SO I CAN BE A BIG HIT WITH THE GIRLS LIKE YOU. HAD ANY LIVE ONES LATELY?
ONLY YOUR MOMMA.
MY MOMMA'S DEAD.
THAT WHY THE BITCH DON'T TALK SO MUCH ANYMORE?

WHAT YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY? YOUR PARTNER LIT OUT OF HERE AN HOUR BACK.
PAT NEEDS HIS SLEEP, SINCE THE ROBESON THING. THOUGHT I'D PULL ANOTHER SHIFT.
WHAT, YOU DON'T NEED SLEEP TOO?
CAUGHT A HALF HOUR EARLIER. I'M GOOD FOR ANOTHER SIX HOURS OR SO.
YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE PULLING SHIFTS WITHOUT YOUR DAMN PARTNER--
WHAT ARE YOU, MY FUCKING MOTHER?
HEY--
BACK THE FUCK OFF. YOU BEAT A BAD SHOOTING RAP AND NOW YOU GET TO TELL ME HOW TO DO THE JOB? GET OFF MY CASE.

JOHN...
LIEUTENANT, I COULDN'T GIVE A--
SINGER'S ONLY TRYING TO MAKE FRIENDS, JOHN. HE KNOWS WHAT EVERYONE THINKS OF HIM SINCE...
...SINCE HE GOT CAUGHT WITH A FUCKING DROP GUN?
THAT HE STOLE OFF A FUCKING FELON, SHAVED THE SERIAL NUMBERS OFF OF AND TRICKED OUT WITH BAND-AIDS THAT WOULDN'T HOLD HIS PRINTS?
HE SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE A FUCKING JOB.
YEAH. BUT HE DOES. SO DEAL WITH IT. CUT THE BASTARD SOME SLACK. WE ALL DO THINGS WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO FOR THE JOB. RIGHT?
YEAH, YEAH. ALL RIGHT, LIEUTENANT. WHATEVER.

NO. YOU HAVEN'T BEEN BACK FROM COMPASSIONATE LEAVE FOR LONG. MAYBE YOU FORGOT, BUT WE ALL DO WHAT WE HAVE TO.
YOU REMEMBER THAT.
HELLO, DADDY.
CHRIST.
JOHN?
YEAH.
GOT ONE FOR YOU.

SHIELD: CHILDREN'S AID CHARITY
603
POLICE

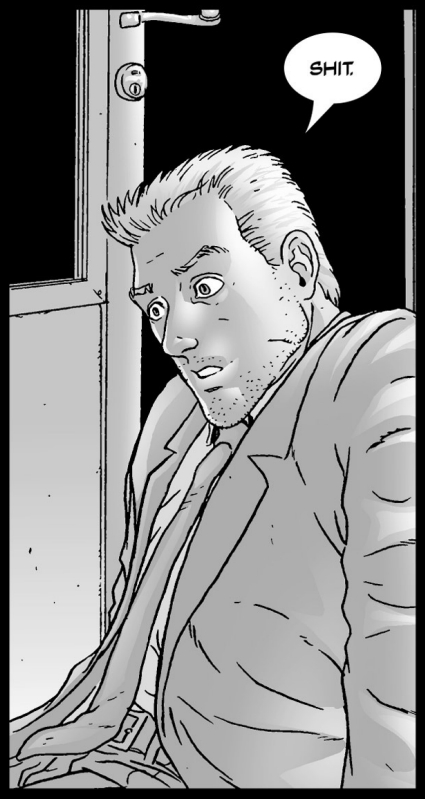
JOHN CAIN, HOMICIDE.
WE AIN'T TOUCHED NOTHING, DETECTIVE. IN FACT, WE REALLY DON'T WANT TO.
GIMME A CIGARETTE. WHAT'VE WE GOT?
STATE BANK
FOOD
24 HOUR ATM
97
POLIC

THREE BOXES.
603
SOMEONE KILLED THREE BOXES?

WOMAN FROM THE CHARITY PLACE HERE FOUND THEM WHEN THEY WERE LOCKING UP FOR THE NIGHT.
PEOPLE SOMETIMES DUMP STUFF HERE FOR THEM-- CLOTHES, BOOKS, OLD TOYS, LIKE THAT.
CHECK
ONE LOOKED KIND OF DAMP, SMELT A LITTLE, SO SHE WENT TO PICK IT UP, THINKING SOMEONE HAD DONATED FOOD OR SOMETHING.
TAKE A LOOK.
MERLIN AUTO

PRIVATE PARKING

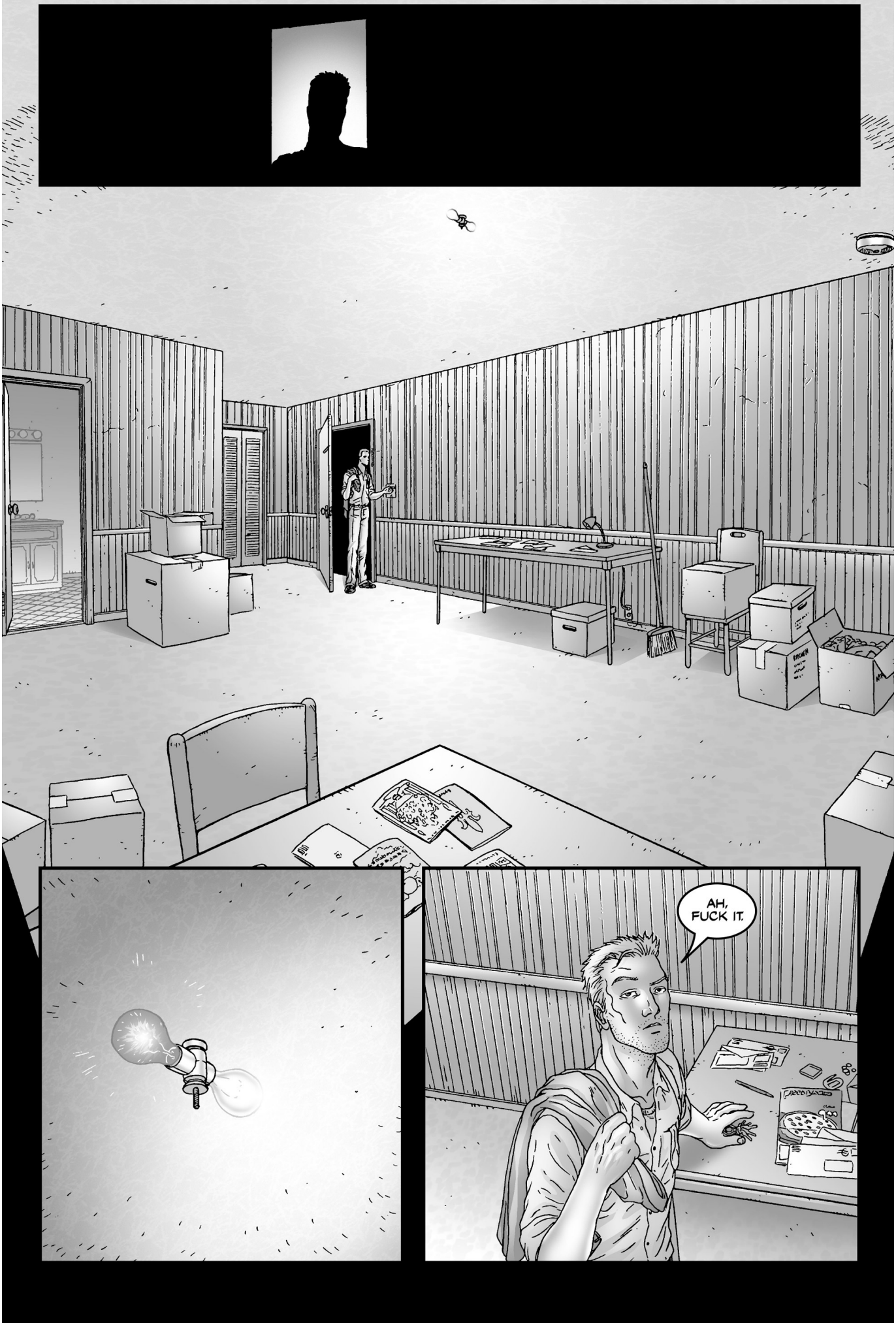
RASH


SHIT.

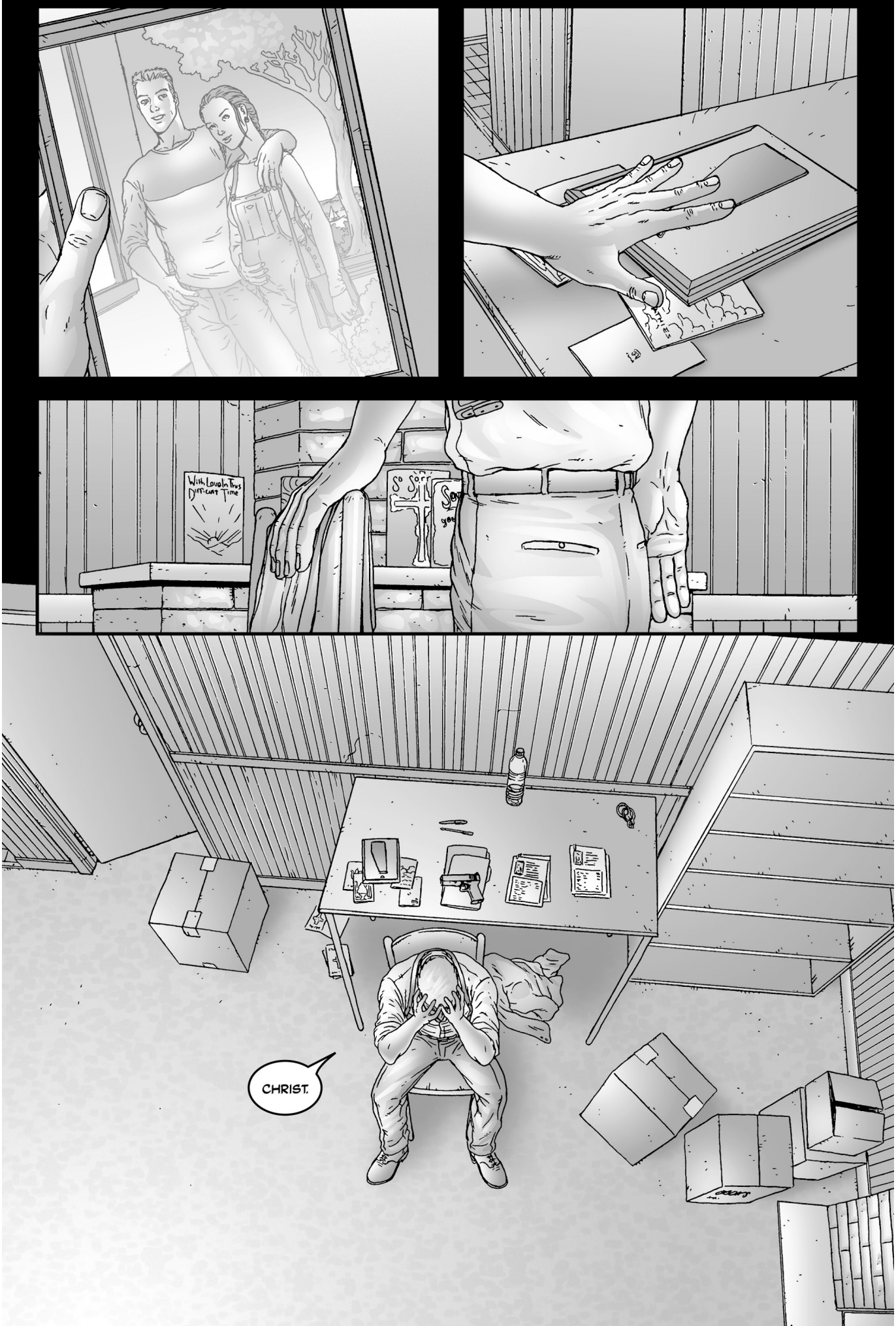
CALL AN AMBULANCE. I WANT HER WITH THE PATHOLOGIST RIGHT GODDAMN NOW.

AMBULANCE?
BETWEEN YOU AND ME, DETECTIVE, IF THERE'S A WOMAN IN THAT BOX, I DON'T THINK THE PARAMEDICS ARE GOING TO GET HER BACK ON HER FEET.
WHEREVER HER FEET ARE.

GET THE FUCKING AMBULANCE.
HELLO, DADDY.


AH, FUCK IT.

condolences
With Love In This Difficult Time
Sorry
Condolances


With Love In This Difficult Time
CHRIST.

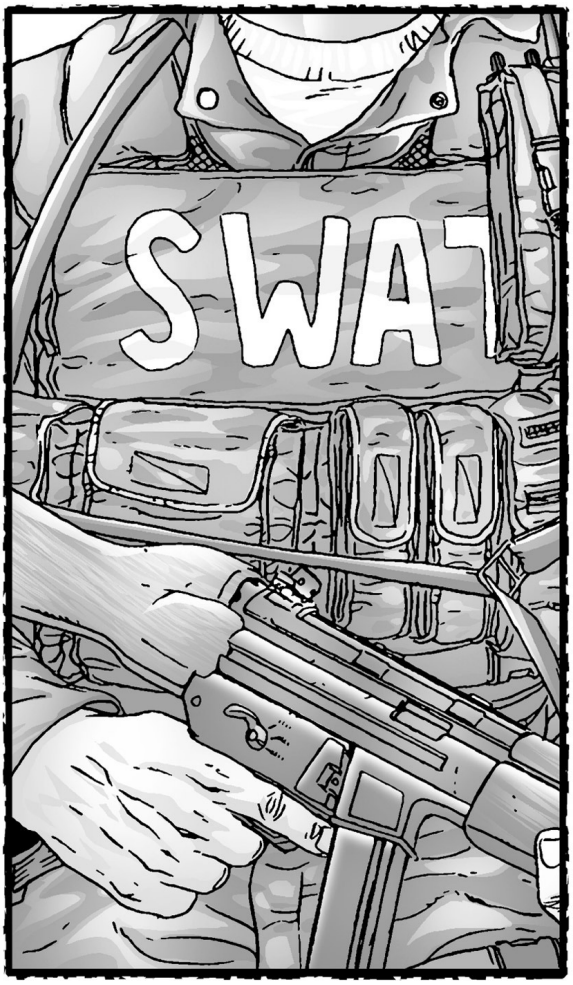
# SCARS

I used to know a policeman in San Francisco. Funny guy. He used to call one of his guys, the one who'd never wear a bulletproof vest and appeared to know no pain, The 'Droid. Worked on the anti-gang detail. Came from the Mission District, where he knew first-hand that you couldn't win a gunfight indoors, because the walls of the cheap housing were too thin to stop bullets. One loose shot could do untold damage to people living doors away from the scene. Showed me the gun he always carried with him, in a Haight-Ashbury bar, along with the pictures of his wife and kids ("See? Told you my wife looks like Wonder Woman!), and told me he wasn't afraid to die. He couldn't be. He scrubbed his vest out every night with Lysol, but he wasn't afraid to die. That's the job.

I've met cops who aren't worth the shit on your shoes. I've seen them coming out of porn stores with two hundred quid's worth of Anal Schoolboy Rampage and I've seen them kick the snot out of people who looked at them funny. One of my earliest memories is of coppers with truncheons leaping out at me and my family in our car as it slowed for traffic lights—leaping out from behind a phone box, in some ill-conceived early version of a speed trap. I was what, four years old maybe? Scared hell out of me. Have never ever trusted police since. Never will.

But you have to understand, there are cops like that man in San Francisco, who stayed in the district he grew up in and tried to make it better. Haven't heard from him in a few years. Maybe he's dead. No way of knowing. He wasn't a perfect man. He knew he wasn't a perfect man. But he still gave a shit about the job and the people and the place.

He's who I think of when I write books like *Scars.* In fact, I have to



think of him and then put him to one side, because modern fiction can rarely contain a man that psychologically inviolate. He would seem too obviously invented. Whether he saw it or not, he shared a few traits with The 'Droid.

In *Scars,* I take a man like him and smash him with hammers. Assault him with loss after loss and put him in a place where everything has failed him... and then see if he can still be a cop. See if that essential core of him survives.

What you've seen so far isn't what happens to him. It's the condition he starts in. It's the world he lives in at its nominal position. This scene of horror he walks into; this is his normal life. Every law enforcement member I've ever spoken to has said the same thing; what you read in the news is sanitised, and it's the tip of the iceberg. The serial killers of fiction would be unbearable if what they really did was being transcribed honestly. They jerk off in wounds. They shit in the victim. Try watching *Hannibal* again, knowing that Sir Anthony Hopkins, off-screen, is fucking a death wound and then squeezing one off in the hole where the victim's liver was. I've been in the presence of human corpses. It takes control to stay near them. Even our horror is fouler than we know.

That's the existence the people in *Scars* know as normality.

What you see here is just the beginning. What follows is a man testing the limits of the job, his mind, and the essential core of him; discovering how much of a monster you have to become in order to catch one.

And what you do with it when you've caught it.

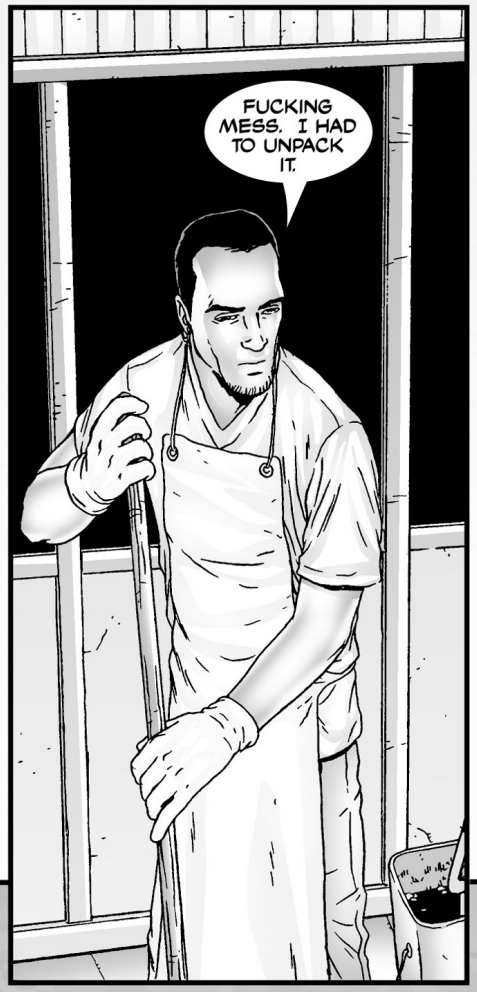
—Warren Ellis

two

II.
A. Scalp contusion
B. Linear, comminuted fracture of right side of skull
C. Craniocerebral injuries
of face
B. Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes
A. Abrasions
B. Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes and
I.
IV. V. Abrasion and
VI. Ligature of right wrist

HEY.
HOW YOU DOING.
LOOKING FOR THE PATHOLOGIST.
IN THERE. SHE JUST FINISHED IT.
IT?

THE ONE IN THE BOXES, DR NILES JUST FINISHED WITH IT.

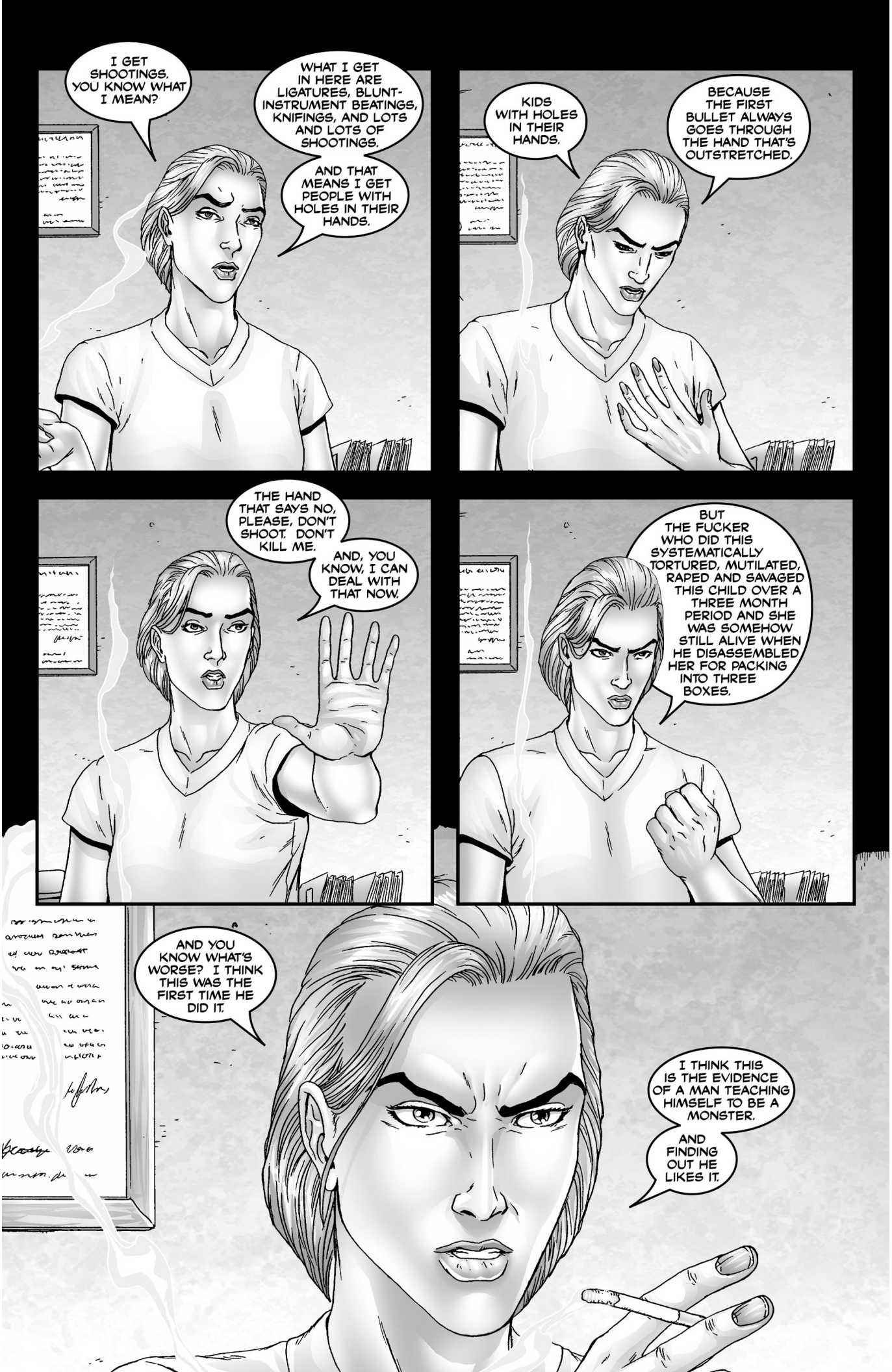

FUCKING MESS. I HAD TO UNPACK IT.

IF IT'S DEAD, IT'S DEAD, I DON'T SEE THE BIG FUCKING DEAL...

HELLO?
WENDY NILES.
HEY, DR NILES.
WENDY. YOU'RE...
CAIN, HOMICIDE. MY PARTNER NORMALLY COVERS THIS. PAT AMERSHAM?
OH, RIGHT, RIGHT. GOT A CIGARETTE?
SURE.

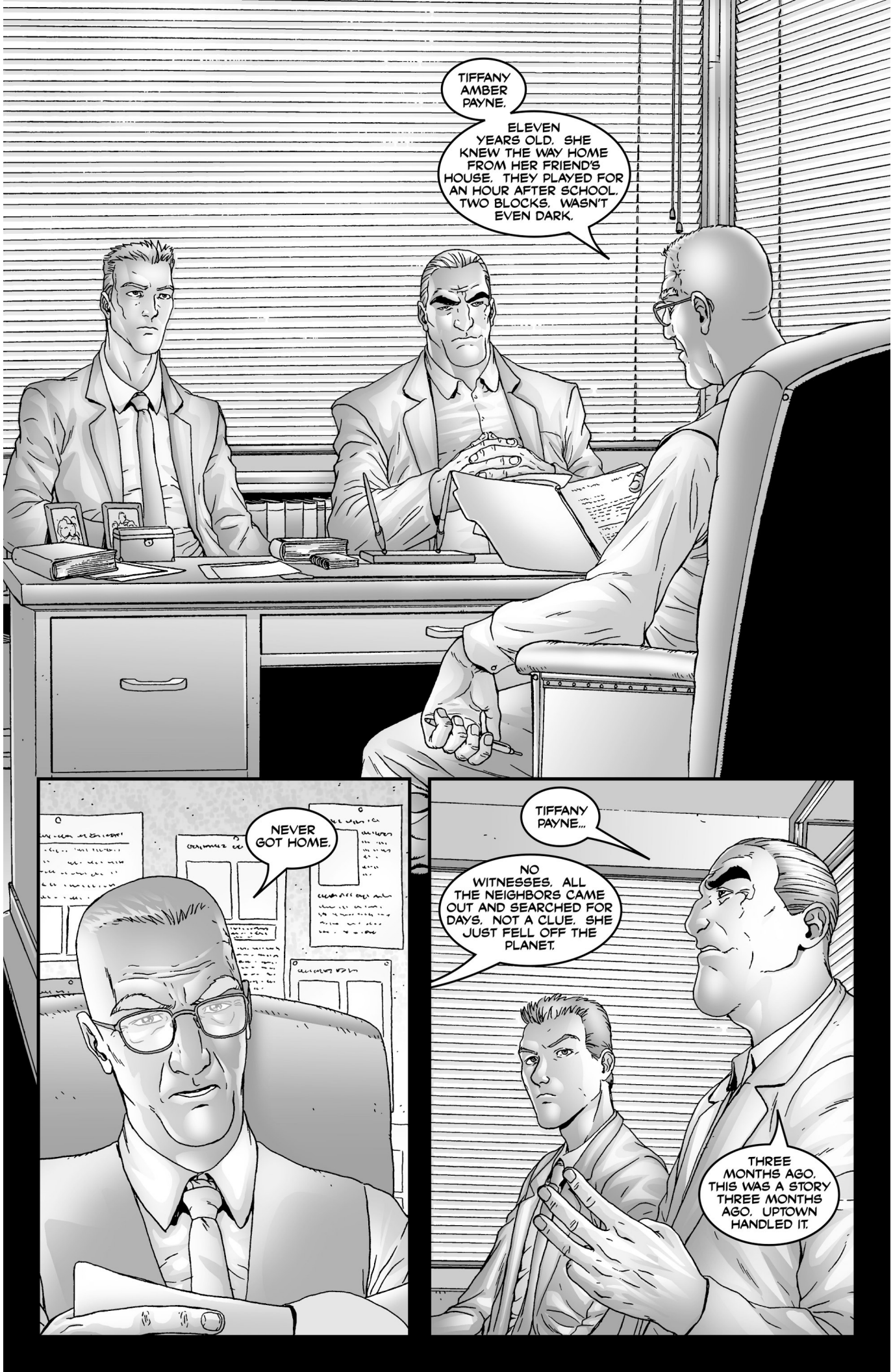
CLEAN UP, ASSHOLE.
MY OFFICE, PLEASE.
THAT WAS ONE OF THE HARDEST THINGS I'VE EVER DONE.

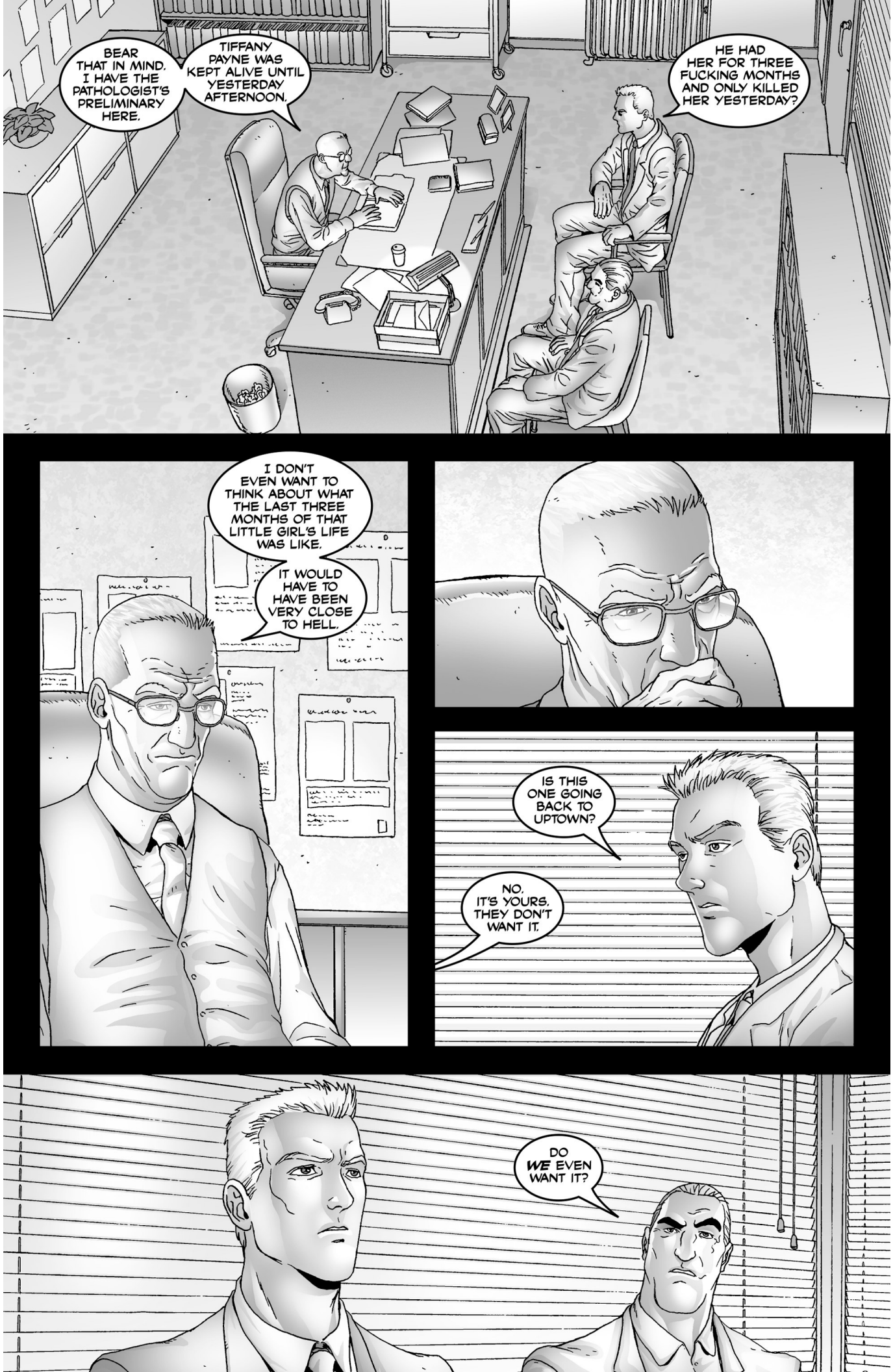
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH THIS, DETECTIVE CAIN.
JOHN.
OKAY. FIRST THINGS FIRST. CAUSE OF DEATH.
SHE WAS STILL ALIVE WHEN HE STARTED CUTTING HER UP FOR THE, UH... TRANSPORTATION.
IT WAS THE LAST OF A LONG LIST OF THINGS THAT HAD BEEN DONE TO HER OVER A LONG TIME.
I DON'T KNOW IF SHE COULD HAVE REALLY KNOWN WHAT WAS HAPPENING BY THE TIME HE STARTED WORKING WITH THE SAW.
SHE WAS SYSTEMATICALLY TORTURED OVER A PERIOD OF WEEKS.
POSSIBLY FROM THE MOMENT SHE WAS TAKEN OFF THE STREET.
THE AMOUNT OF SCAR TISSUE AROUND HER...
...HER...


I GET SHOOTINGS. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
WHAT I GET IN HERE ARE LIGATURES, BLUNT-INSTRUMENT BEATINGS, KNIFINGS, AND LOTS AND LOTS OF SHOOTINGS.
AND THAT MEANS I GET PEOPLE WITH HOLES IN THEIR HANDS.
KIDS WITH HOLES IN THEIR HANDS.
BECAUSE THE FIRST BULLET ALWAYS GOES THROUGH THE HAND THAT'S OUTSTRETCHED.
THE HAND THAT SAYS NO, PLEASE, DON'T SHOOT. DON'T KILL ME.
AND, YOU KNOW, I CAN DEAL WITH THAT NOW.
BUT THE FUCKER WHO DID THIS SYSTEMATICALLY TORTURED, MUTILATED, RAPED AND SAVAGED THIS CHILD OVER A THREE MONTH PERIOD AND SHE WAS SOMEHOW STILL ALIVE WHEN HE DISASSEMBLED HER FOR PACKING INTO THREE BOXES.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S WORSE? I THINK THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE DID IT.
I THINK THIS IS THE EVIDENCE OF A MAN TEACHING HIMSELF TO BE A MONSTER.
AND FINDING OUT HE LIKES IT.

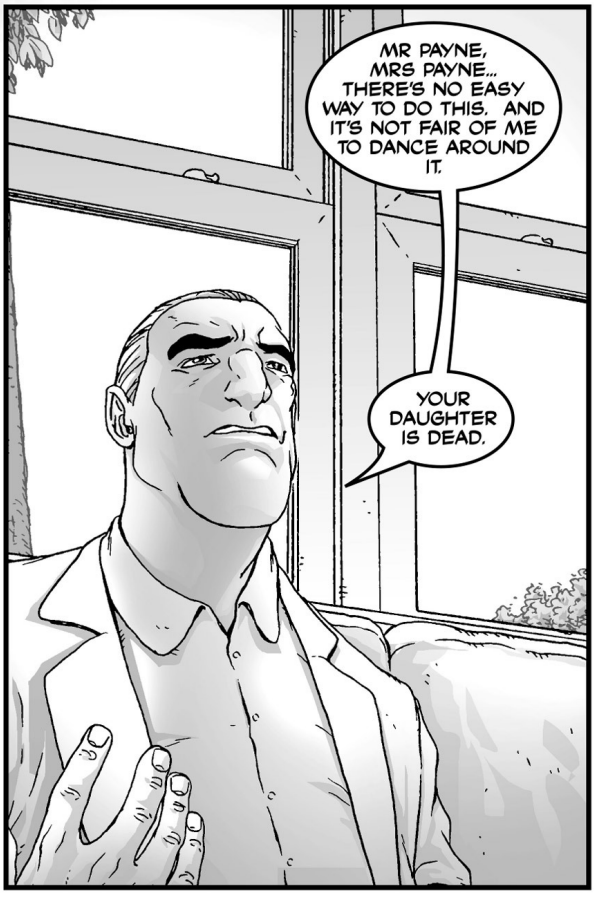
I'M GOING OUT. I DON'T WANT TO BE IN HERE ANY MORE TODAY.
YOU OKAY?
CITY MORGUE
EMERGENCY ROOM

I WILL BE.
JUST ANOTHER WOUND, YOU KNOW? THEY ALL SCAR OVER IN THE END.
I ALWAYS WANTED KIDS. ONLY CHILD. SPENT YEARS PLAYING MOMMY WITH DOLLS. ALWAYS BABYSAT THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS.
SCARED OFF MORE THAN ONE GUY.
BUT, YOU KNOW, SINCE I GREW UP, STARTED WORK...
...I'M TOO SCARED TO HAVE A KID.
I'M TOO SCARED OF WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO HER. AND I HATE THAT. ABSOLUTELY HATE IT.
I CAN'T LET MYSELF HAVE A KID BECAUSE OF THE REST OF THE WORLD.
BECAUSE SHE COULD END UP ON A SIDEWALK IN THREE BOXES.
WHAT WAS HER NAME?


TIFFANY AMBER PAYNE.
ELEVEN YEARS OLD. SHE KNEW THE WAY HOME FROM HER FRIEND'S HOUSE. THEY PLAYED FOR AN HOUR AFTER SCHOOL. TWO BLOCKS. WASN'T EVEN DARK.
NEVER GOT HOME.
TIFFANY PAYNE...
NO WITNESSES. ALL THE NEIGHBORS CAME OUT AND SEARCHED FOR DAYS. NOT A CLUE. SHE JUST FELL OFF THE PLANET.
THREE MONTHS AGO. THIS WAS A STORY THREE MONTHS AGO. UPTOWN HANDLED IT.


BEAR THAT IN MIND. I HAVE THE PATHOLOGIST'S PRELIMINARY HERE.
TIFFANY PAYNE WAS KEPT ALIVE UNTIL YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.
HE HAD HER FOR THREE FUCKING MONTHS AND ONLY KILLED HER YESTERDAY?
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT THE LAST THREE MONTHS OF THAT LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE WAS LIKE.
IT WOULD HAVE TO HAVE BEEN VERY CLOSE TO HELL.
IS THIS ONE GOING BACK TO UPTOWN?
NO. IT'S YOURS. THEY DON'T WANT IT.
DO *WE* EVEN WANT IT?

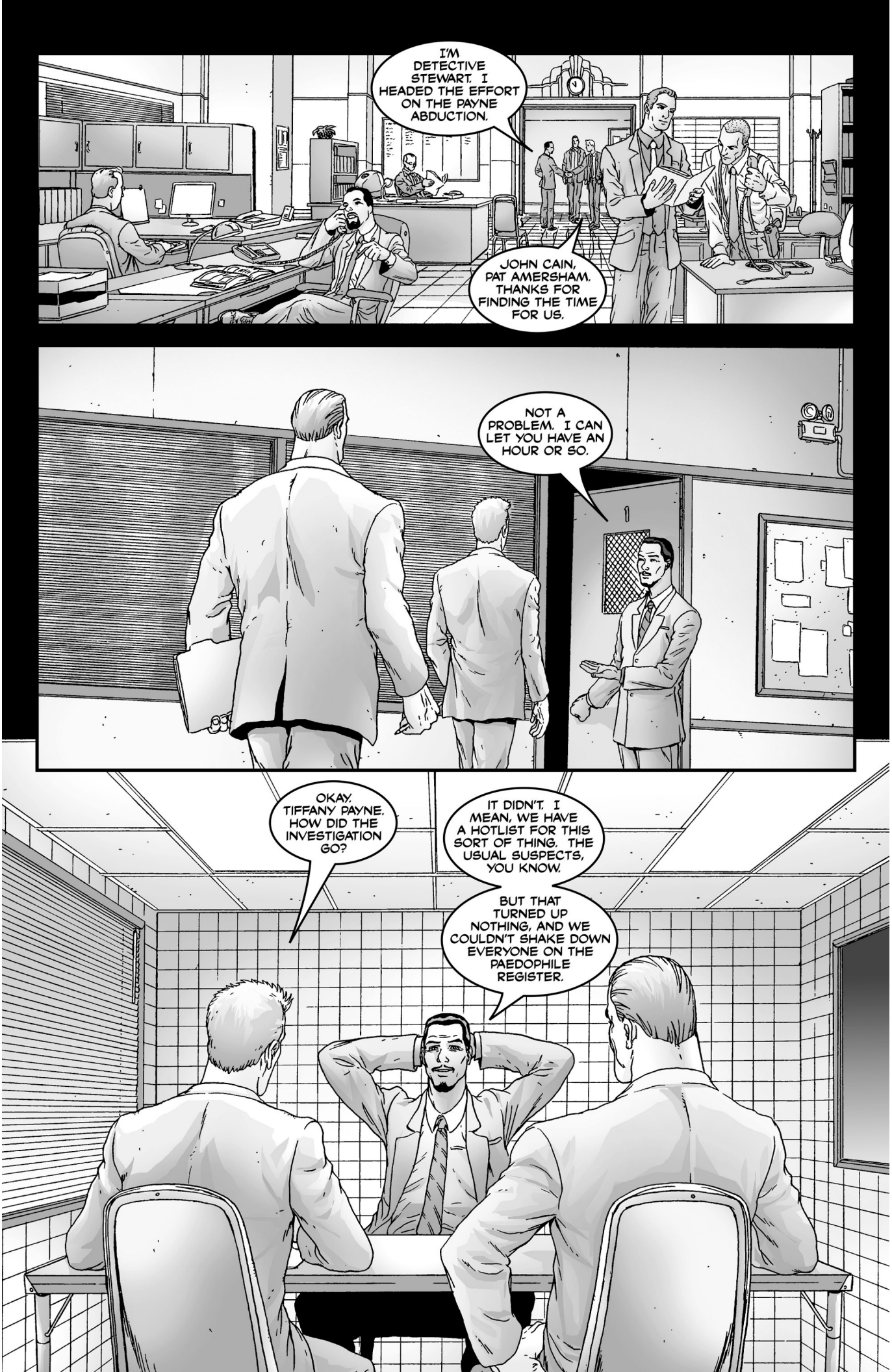
YES.
JOHN, I CAN GIVE THIS TO SOMEONE ELSE IF --
GET ME AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CREW THAT HANDLED THE CASE WHEN IT WAS STILL AN ABDUCTION.
SURE. HERE'S ALL WE'VE GOT. TOP SHEET IS PARENTS' NAME AND ADDRESS. YOU GET THE CASE, YOU GET THE CALL.
YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT TO TELL THEM...? AW, LOU...
YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS, PAT.
JOY.
DEEP JOY.


MR PAYNE, MRS PAYNE... THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO DO THIS. AND IT'S NOT FAIR OF ME TO DANCE AROUND IT.
YOUR DAUGHTER IS DEAD.

WE KNOW. WE KNEW AFTER THE FIRST THREE DAYS.

NNNNNN.
NNNNNNNNNNN...
...NO. THERE WAS ALWAYS...
THREE MONTHS I'VE KNOWN SHE COULD BE AROUND ANY CORNER I PASS.
KNOWN SHE COULD WALK UP TO THE DOOR AT ANY TIME.
I STILL CHECK HER ROOM. I WALK HER HOME FROM SCHOOL EVEN THOUGH SHE'S NOT THERE.
NO, ADAM. STOP. PLEASE.
I NEVER STOPPED HOPING.

I WILL GET THIS PERSON.
I WILL GET THIS PERSON. THIS PERSON WILL NOT ESCAPE.
THIS MAN IS NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT.
I AM TELLING YOU HERE AND NOW THAT NOTHING WILL STOP ME FROM MAKING SURE THIS MAN DOES NOT GET AWAY WITH IT.
JOHN--
NO.
IT WON'T BRING HER BACK, IT WON'T BRING ANY OF THEM BACK, BUT IT STOPS HERE.
THIS ISN'T GOING TO HAPPEN AGAIN.

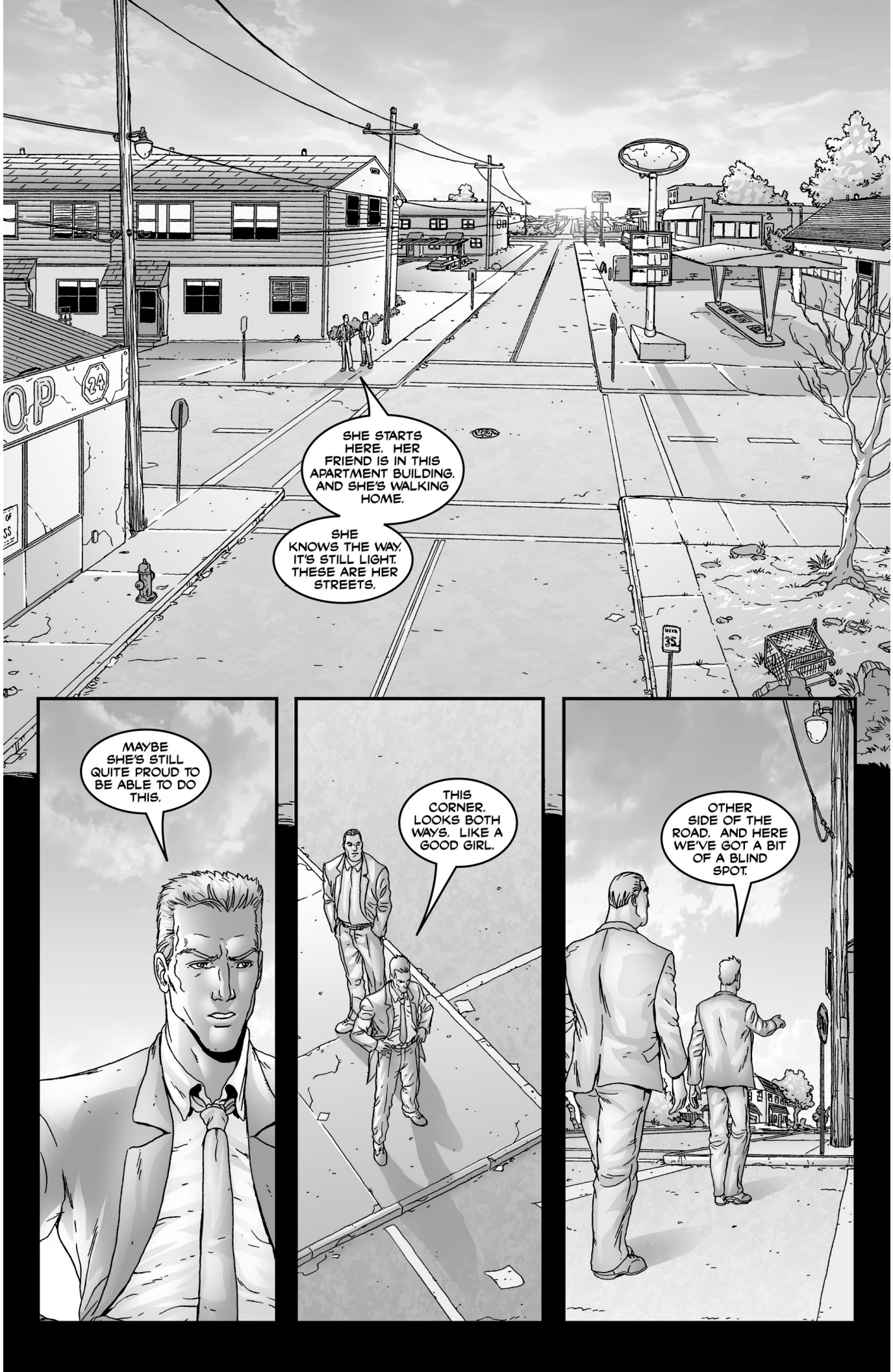

I'M DETECTIVE STEWART. I HEADED THE EFFORT ON THE PAYNE ABDUCTION.
JOHN CAIN, PAT AMERSHAM. THANKS FOR FINDING THE TIME FOR US.
NOT A PROBLEM. I CAN LET YOU HAVE AN HOUR OR SO.
OKAY. TIFFANY PAYNE. HOW DID THE INVESTIGATION GO?
IT DIDN'T. I MEAN, WE HAVE A HOTLIST FOR THIS SORT OF THING. THE USUAL SUSPECTS, YOU KNOW.
BUT THAT TURNED UP NOTHING, AND WE COULDN'T SHAKE DOWN EVERYONE ON THE PAEDOPHILE REGISTER.

BECAUSE?
WELL. NINETY PERCENT OF CHILD KILLINGS ARE CARRIED OUT BY PEOPLE THEY KNOW. RELATIVES, NEIGHBORS, ETCETERA.
PLUS, OF COURSE, THE SHEER DEMANDS OF MANPOWER, CIVIL RIGHTS, YOU KNOW-- WE JUST COULDN'T--
I HEAR COULDN'T OUT OF YOU AGAIN IN RELATION TO THIS CASE, I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR FUCKING NECK.
EXCUSE ME?
PULL THE PAEDOPHILE REGISTER. PULL NOTES ON EVERY VISIT YOU MADE TO YOUR HOTLIST SUSPECTS. I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THEIR HOUSES.
HE HAD HER FOR THREE MONTHS. HE KEPT HER SOMEWHERE. AND HE KEPT HER SOMEWHERE CLOSE. WHO'VE WE GOT IN THAT SCENE?
WHAT SCENE?
PAT. YOU WANT TO GO GET SOME COFFEE?
YOU SURE YOU WANT COFFEE?
I DEFINITELY NEED A COFFEE. SO DOES HE.
NO, I'M FINE --
SHUT UP.

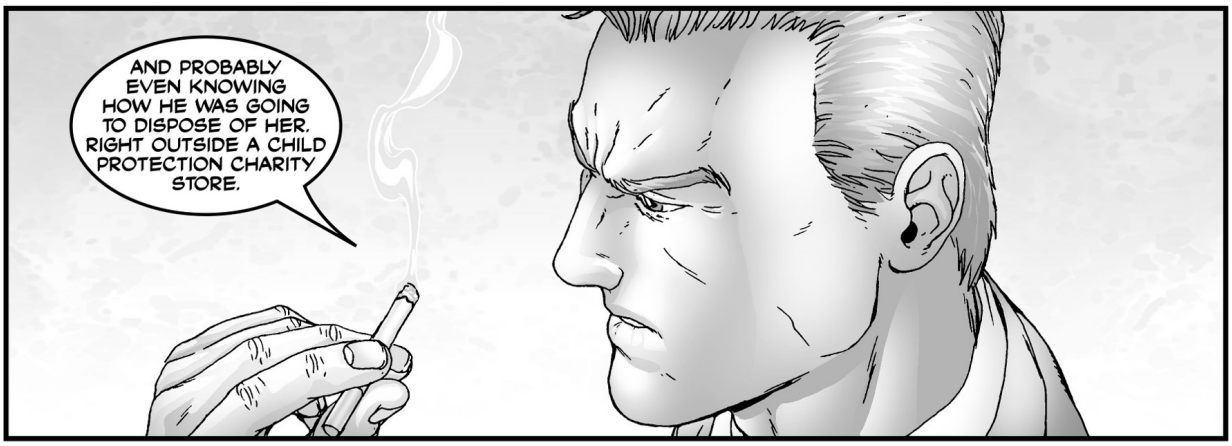
COFFEE IS GOOD.

I'VE WORKED HOMICIDE LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THERE'S A PAEDOPHILE SCENE.
IF YOU WORKED THIS CASE PROPERLY, THEN YOU KNOW IT TOO, AND DID THE RESEARCH.
THAT MEANS YOU HAVE INFORMATION I NEED.
I HAVE SPENT FOUR YEARS SCRAPING CHILDREN OFF THE STREETS OF THIS CITY, AND I'M NOT DOING IT ANY FUCKING MORE. SO TALK TO ME.

DID YOU HIT HIM?
BONDS
BAIL AGENT
TAKE
CHINESE
YEAH.
THAT'S FUCKED UP, JOHN.
YEAH.
HE'LL FILE CHARGES. HE'S THE TYPE.
TAKES FOUR WEEKS FOR PAPERWORK TO GET TO DOWNTOWN FROM UPTOWN. THAT'S ALL I NEED.
LOOK, I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU THE LECTURE ABOUT HOW YOU SHOULDN'T BE ON THIS CASE, ESPECIALLY AFTER THAT WAREHOUSE SHIT...
GOOD.
LISTEN. I WAS YOUR SUICIDE WATCH FOR TWO WEEKS. WE BOTH KNOW HOW MUCH YOU SHOULD NOT BE WORKING THIS CASE.
NO. THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I SHOULD BE WORKING THIS CASE.


SHE STARTS HERE. HER FRIEND IS IN THIS APARTMENT BUILDING. AND SHE'S WALKING HOME.
SHE KNOWS THE WAY. IT'S STILL LIGHT. THESE ARE HER STREETS.
MAYBE SHE'S STILL QUITE PROUD TO BE ABLE TO DO THIS.
THIS CORNER. LOOKS BOTH WAYS. LIKE A GOOD GIRL.
OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD. AND HERE WE'VE GOT A BIT OF A BLIND SPOT.

NOTHING ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MAIN STREET HERE.
SHE'S SHIELDED FROM THE APARTMENT WINDOWS OVER THERE.
AND THIS IS EMPTY.
NO-ONE COULD SEE HER HERE.
I DUNNO. SHE WASN'T A DUMB KID, BY ALL ACCOUNTS. I BET SHE WOULD HAVE KICKED AND SCREAMED.
WHAT WAS IT STEWART SAID? NINETY PERCENT OF CHILD KILLINGS ARE DONE BY PEOPLE THE KID KNEW.
THE PARENTS?
NAH. AND STEWART WOULD'VE CHECKED OUT THE NEIGHBORS BECAUSE IT WAS SIMPLE.
WHAT IF IT WAS SOMEONE SHE KNEW?
AND SOMEONE WHO KNEW THE ROUTE, AND WORKED OUT THE BLIND SPOT FOR HIMSELF?
PREMEDITATED.
COMPLETELY. RIGHT DOWN TO HAVING PREPARED SOMEWHERE TO KEEP HER.


AND PROBABLY EVEN KNOWING HOW HE WAS GOING TO DISPOSE OF HER. RIGHT OUTSIDE A CHILD PROTECTION CHARITY STORE.

SHIT.
YEAH.

IT TASTES LIKE ASS.
WENDY NILES THINKS THIS IS A START. THAT WHOEVER DID IT HAS A TASTE FOR IT.
YOU KNOW WHAT SCARES ME MORE?

WHAT IF THIS WAS IT?
WHAT IF THIS IS SOMEONE WHO JUST WANTED TO TRY IT AND IS NOW SATISFIED?
HOW DO YOU DEAL WITH SOMEONE LIKE THAT?

# SCARS

Christopher Lee has said that, to him, the essence of horror is a door, slightly open. Pregnant with dark possibility. Clive Barker, on the other hand, famously got snotty with a teacher during the reading of *Heart of Darkness*, wanting to know exactly what "the horror, the horror" was and asking where the bloody monster had got to. In preparing for her role in *Truly Madly Deeply*, the actress Juliet Stevenson blackened her own reputation for years by saying that portraying the emotionally devastated lead forced her to go to "dangerous places" inside herself in capturing that woman's horror. Since this apparently involved crying a lot, Laurence Olivier's notorious advice to Dustin Hoffman comes to mind: "Just act, dear boy."

Horror as an intellectual conceit. Horror as a visceral thing. Horror as confrontation of your own fears. Garth Ennis has no time for horror as coping mechanism: once commented that, while *Alien* is a cracking film, it in no way prepared him for the existence of rape camps in the former Yugoslavia. That said, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* clearly uses horror as a way to explore the special terrors of becoming an adult, and that is what its young audience responds to.

*Scars* is about the most frightening thing I can think of. My daughter dying.

And, no, worse than that. Taking a very long time to die. Trapped somewhere with a monster. No way out. Not even the slightest possibility of escape, or survival. Being utterly terrified, for a very long time, and dying in pain that is very difficult to imagine.

I'm not going to do a Juliet Stevenson on you. But I don't feel like writing *Scars* every day. I personally have to be in a mood where I know I can go into it and come out of it again during the working day. There's a song by Tom Waits, "Georgia Lee", that I sometimes play to put me in John Cain's mind: if you know the song, then the fifth chapter will have a familiar moment. The last half of the song absolutely breaks my heart. And then I sit here and consider the notion of my precious daughter, Lilith, seven years old now, being caught by a monster, and being found a few days later as four wet cardboard boxes on the street.

I realise this makes me sound a little crazy. But horror's no good unless it's frightening—it doesn't get to any of the places I mention above unless it's frightening. Christopher Lee wants to be made to shake by what's outside that door—what's inside the closed cardboard box. Clive Barker wants to see the monster. Garth wants to be made to jump. Juliet Stevenson wants to flirt with total grief. I wanted *Scars* to be all these things, but I didn't want to be the dispassionate buttonpusher in the background. I wanted to be s c a r e d , a n d t o h a v e t h a t communicated, otherwise the book wouldn't work for me, it was just another crime-exploitation thing.

I hope parts of this book disturb you. Because, you know, I'm not sitting here listening to a song about a dead girl for fun.

Laurence Olivier is in the corner calling me an arsehole, by the way.

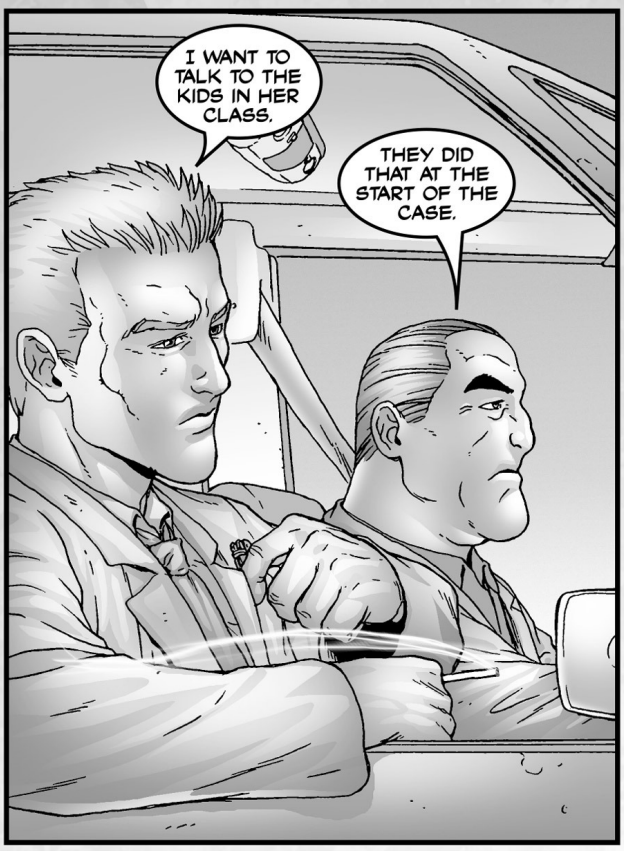
—Warren Ellis

three

I. Abrasions, contusions, and lacerations of eyelids
II. A. Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes
B. Abrasions of face
C. Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes
III. Cranial cerebral injuries
A. Scalp contusion
B. Compound fracture of right side of skull
C. Linear, comminuted fracture of right cerebral hemisphere
IV. A. Contusions of the scalp
B. Laceration of the scalp
C. Depressed fracture of right cerebral hemisphere
V. Abrasion on top of left hand
VI. Abrasion on top of right wrist
VII. Ligature of right wrist
VIII. Cerebral congestion of viscera

Forensic Studies

HONG KONG
ORDER
TAKE
OUT


I WANT TO TALK TO THE KIDS IN HER CLASS.
THEY DID THAT AT THE START OF THE CASE.

FILE SAYS SHE PLAYED WITH HER FRIEND IN THE APARTMENT BUILDING ON A REGULAR BASIS.
THE FRIEND'S PARENTS DO SHIFT WORK AND THEY SEEM PRETTY COOL.
THEY PLAYED ON A TUESDAY AFTERNOON BECAUSE THAT'S WHEN THE PARENTS COULD GUARANTEE HAVING AT LEAST ONE OF THEM THERE TO SUPERVISE.

THAT'S PRETTY COOL, YEAH.
SO, HERE WE GO; TIFFANY'S ALWAYS THERE ON A TUESDAY FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS, AND THEN SHE WALKS HOME TWO BLOCKS.
LIKE CLOCKWORK FOR A YEAR OR SO.
SO WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
MY POINT IS, WHO KNEW?
WORK THE NINETY PERCENT POSSIBILITY-- THAT THE KILLER KNEW TIFFANY. HOW MANY PEOPLE WHO KNEW TIFFANY ALSO KNEW HER ROUTINE ON A TUESDAY?
AND THERE'S NO INDICATION ON THE FILE HERE THAT ANYONE REALLY TALKED TO THE KIDS.
THEY NEVER TALK TO THE DAMN KIDS. LOOK AT FUCKING COLUMBINE.
THEY TALKED TO THE TEACHERS, THE SHRINKS, THE CHATSHOW HOSTS, THEY TALKED TO FUCKING JESUS BUT NO-ONE TALKED TO THE KIDS.
YOU AND KELLY STILL THINKING ABOUT HAVING KIDS?
KELLY WANTS TO.
BUT NOT HERE.
GASTON
LIVE NUDES
LIVE NUDE GIRLS
LOTTO
TOUGR
QUICK PICK
GASD

LET ME OUT AT THE NEXT CORNER.
I'M GOING TO GRAB A DRINK. YOU GO HOME TO KELLY.
YOU SURE?
HELL, YEAH. GOING TO BE A SHITTY TOMORROW, SO CATCH A BREAK.
PICK ME UP IN THE MORNING, WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT INTO THE SCHOOL.
YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT, MAN.
PAWN
SHE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW.
NOT HERE.

YOU HAVE TO COME FIND ME NOW, DADDY.
YOU HAVE TO FIND ME.
AND THEN WE CAN PLAY ALL OVER AGAIN.

DRAUGHT
GUINNESS
HOPPER
GET THE FUCK OFF ME...
YOU GET THE FUCK OFF ME, I EARNED IT, I FUCKING DID IT, YOU GET OFF ME--
DON'T DO ME LIKE THIS. YOU KNEW THE DEAL. DON'T MAKE ME PUT A HAND TO YOU.

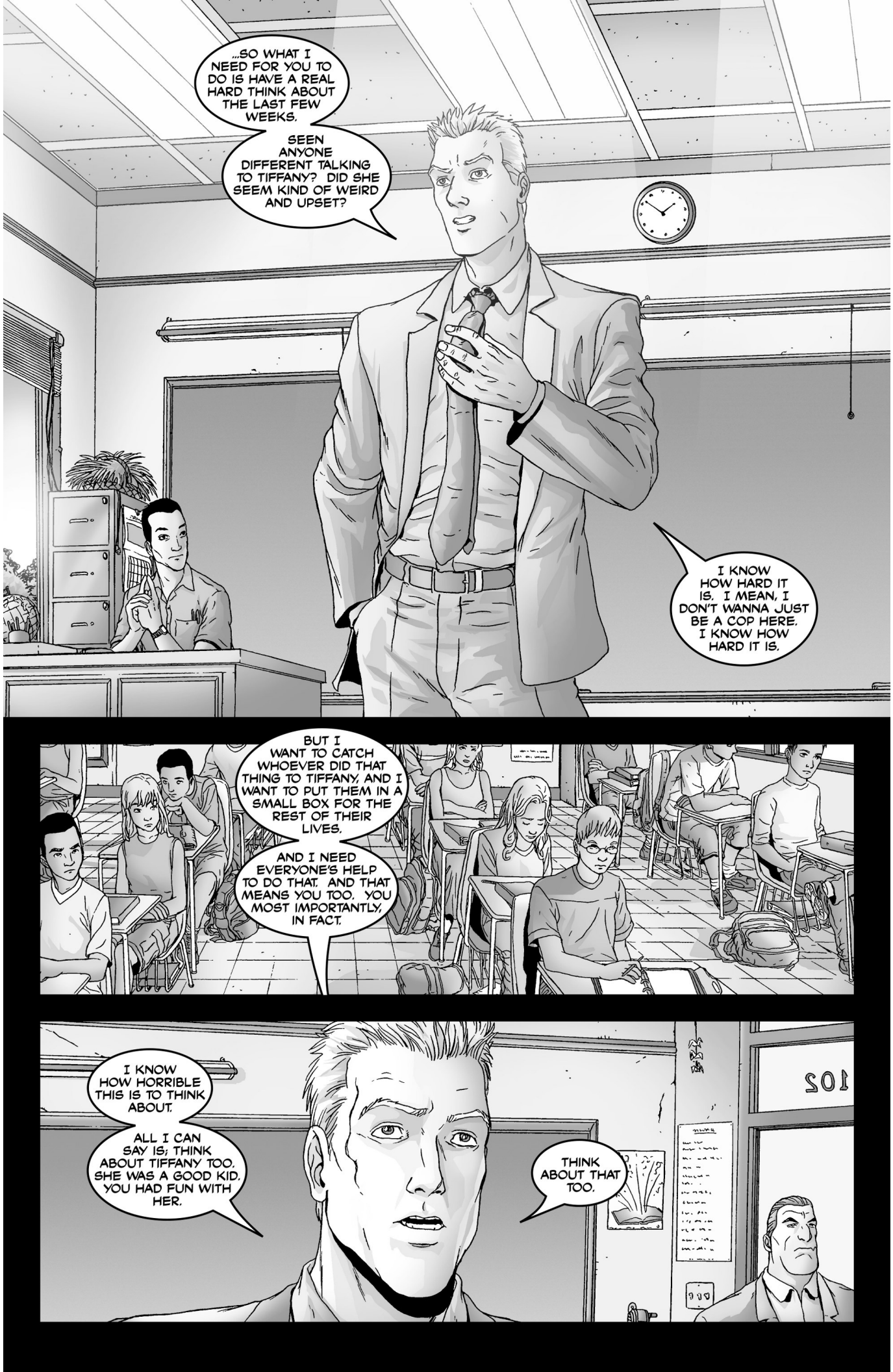
YOU LET GO OF ME, YOU FUCKER, KATIE SAID YOU'D BE NICE--
KATIE SOLD YOU TO ME FOR THREE HUNDRED BUCKS, YOU STUPID LITTLE SHIT.
NOW YOU HAND OVER THE TAKINGS AND WE'LL START BEING NICE AGAIN.
FUCK YOU, YOU FAT FUCK--
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
YOU GOT ANOTHER WRIST. YOU CAN STILL WORK.

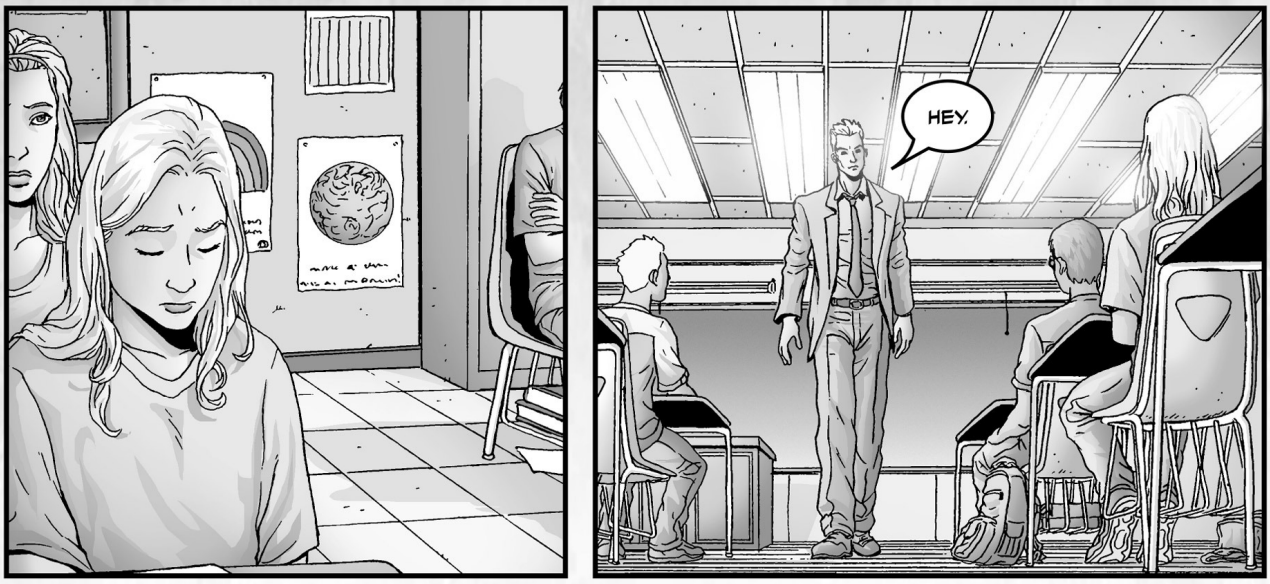
NGGG

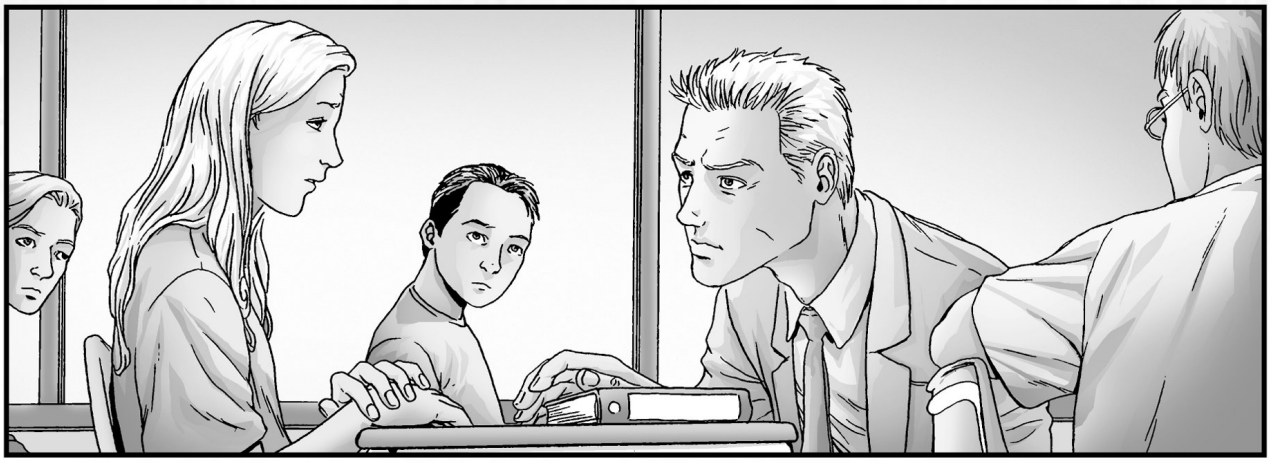
owwwww

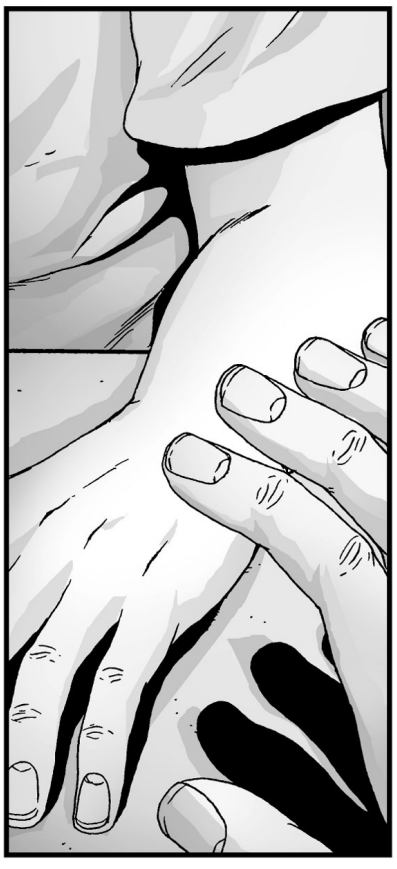
TAKE THIS. GET A CAB FROM 5TH AND MAIN. MAKE ONE TAKE YOU TO AN EMERGENCY ROOM. USE THE MONEY TO BUY FOOD AND GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS CITY.
THEY USUALLY TELL ME TO GO BACK TO MY PARENTS.
I FIGURE IF YOU WANTED TO BE WITH YOUR PARENTS, YOU'D BE THERE NOW.
BUT IF I FIND YOU ON THE STREET AGAIN, I'LL PULL EVERY DIRTY TRICK IN THE BOOK TO SEE YOU DO SERIOUS TIME IN PRISON.
NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
CALZONES AND SLICES

...SINCE HE GOT CAUGHT WITH A FUCKING DROP GUN?
THAT HE STOLE OFF A FUCKING FELON, SHAVED THE SERIAL NUMBERS OFF OF AND TRICKED OUT WITH BAND-AIDS THAT WOULDN'T HOLD HIS PRINTS?
HE SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE A FUCKING JOB.


...SO WHAT I NEED FOR YOU TO DO IS HAVE A REAL HARD THINK ABOUT THE LAST FEW WEEKS.
SEEN ANYONE DIFFERENT TALKING TO TIFFANY? DID SHE SEEM KIND OF WEIRD AND UPSET?
I KNOW HOW HARD IT IS. I MEAN, I DON'T WANNA JUST BE A COP HERE. I KNOW HOW HARD IT IS.
BUT I WANT TO CATCH WHOEVER DID THAT THING TO TIFFANY, AND I WANT TO PUT THEM IN A SMALL BOX FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.
AND I NEED EVERYONE'S HELP TO DO THAT. AND THAT MEANS YOU TOO. YOU MOST IMPORTANTLY, IN FACT.
I KNOW HOW HORRIBLE THIS IS TO THINK ABOUT.
ALL I CAN SAY IS; THINK ABOUT TIFFANY TOO. SHE WAS A GOOD KID. YOU HAD FUN WITH HER.
THINK ABOUT THAT TOO.
102


HEY.





WE'LL BE BACK NEXT WEEK TO FOLLOW UP. IF YOU COULD WORK WITH THEM IN THE MEANTIME--
SURE. WHATEVER WE CAN DO.
THANKS, MR WAKEFIELD.

YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU KNOW. SHE WAS A GOOD KID.
I MEAN, ALL MY KIDS ARE GOOD KIDS, BUT TIFFANY... SHE HAD THE SPARK.
THIS SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED.

IT NEVER SHOULD.
LOOK AFTER YOUR KIDS, MR WAKEFIELD.

WHAT NOW?
DROP ME ON HER ROUTE HOME. I WANT TO WALK IT AGAIN.
YOU SHOULD GO HOME. GO SEE KELLY. PRACTISE MAKING BABIES OR SOMETHING.

YOU HAVE TO COME FIND ME NOW, DADDY.

COME ON, COME ON...
WHO KNEW YOU WERE HERE, TIFFANY?
WHO KNEW WHEN YOU LEFT YOUR LITTLE PLAYDATE?
COME ON, SWEETHEART.
GIVE ME SOMETHING HERE.

YOU'RE KIDDING ME.

# SCARS

I remember my first two dead bodies, because I saw them both on the same day.

I guess I was around 15, wandering through Soho with a friend. Took an alley through to the Charing Cross Road. The light was bad, and we weren't really watching where we were going. Both tripped over a bag of stinking rubbish. Only it wasn't a bag. And as we turned back to look at it, the late-afternoon sun took a stab at breaking through the cloud layer, and grey light fell on a dead man's face. You know the difference, instinctively. It's not the actor-pretending-to-be-dead effect of corpses on Eighties TV. Grey, mottled, tongue out, eyes open and glazed, deader'n fucking hell. My friend summoned up all the wisdom his teenage mind could muster, and it came out in three words: "Fucking leg it!"

We sprinted out of there like fireworks were coming out of our arses, exploding onto Charing Cross Road into crowds of shoppers who'd only give a toss about a dead bloke in the alley if he had discount coupons on his body.

Crossed over to Denmark Street—probably to blag our way into the Angel for a pint, I forget now—and there was this guy slumped on the corner. And he was a funny colour. Blue. And there was a needle hanging out of his arm, just below the sleeve cuff of his dirty football shirt. Not breathing. Not moving. And he was tangled up so badly that even someone on a serious nod would've shifted position a little bit. And there was the smell, same smell as on the other body. Shit.

The ambulance pulled up while I

was watching. The medics jumped out, checked him over, took his pulse, and I clearly heard the bigger one say, "Bollocks." And all their urgency went away.

I don't remember, but I'll lay odds we went for that drink afterwards. My mate cultivated a moustache for purposes of passing for old enough to drink, and I was already six feet tall and looked older than my years.

And people wonder why.

We think we know what death is like. We watch horror and crime fiction and we think we're getting educated in the ways of death. But we're not, and sometimes we need to be shocked out of that—to know that we can't take it lightly, and that CSI isn't really preparing us for what dead bodies are like. I like to see William Petersen pretend to excise a wound track as much as anyone else, but it's not how things are. It's not the experience.

You don't get inured to it. You take on the information, you learn to cope, but no-one I've met has been totally inured to it. Sometimes it's the small things—the equivalent of my lifting my father's coffin and being shocked at how heavy he was, even after the cancer ate him out—sometimes it's a monstrosity, the sort of thing that rarely makes the news. "You don't hear the worst of it," a law enforcement officer said to a writer friend of mine once. "People couldn't cope." But something always comes up and hits those people where they live. It's one of the reasons why police officers in fiction continue to fascinate us.

To see how much they can take.

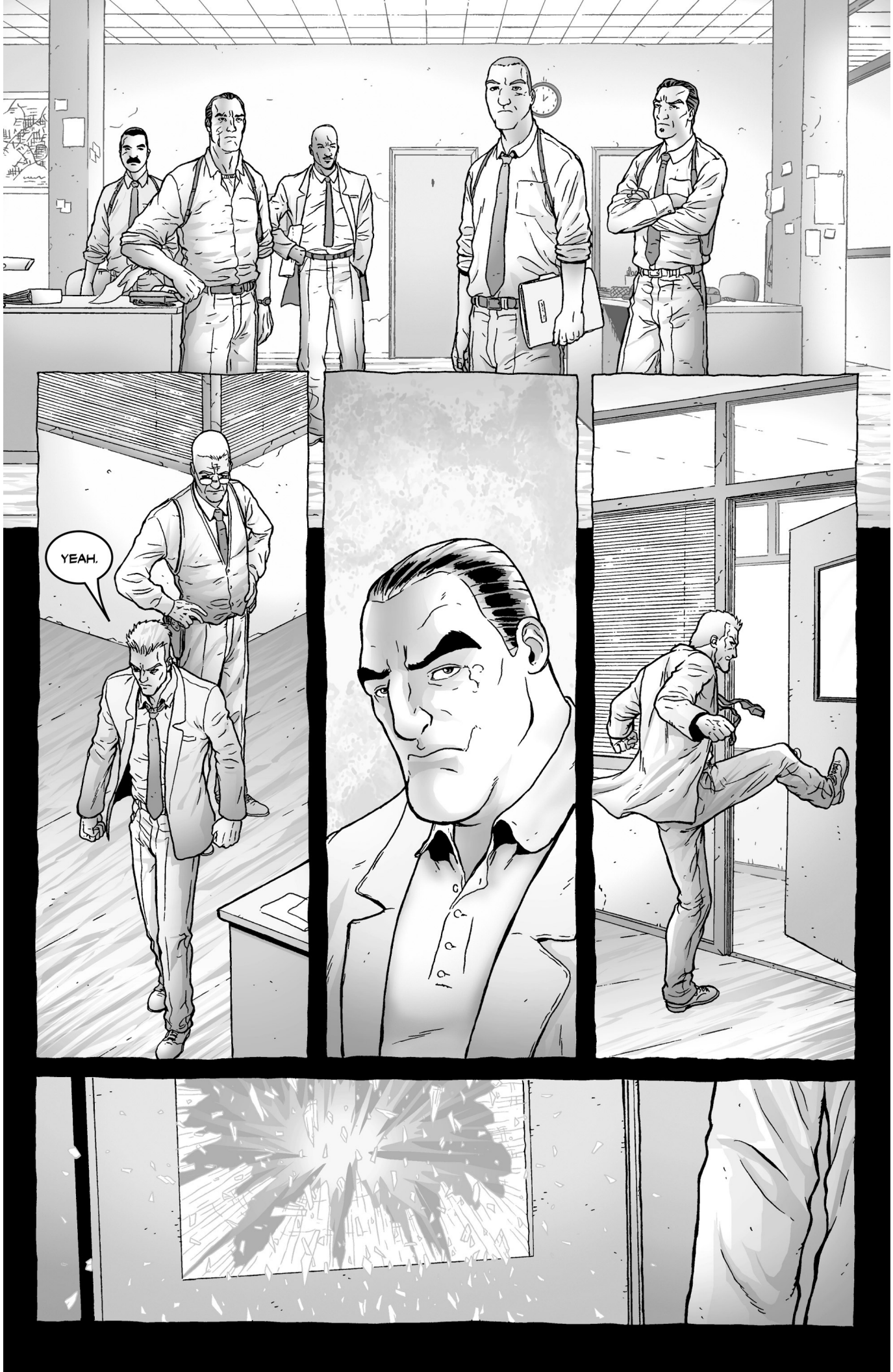
—Warren Ellis

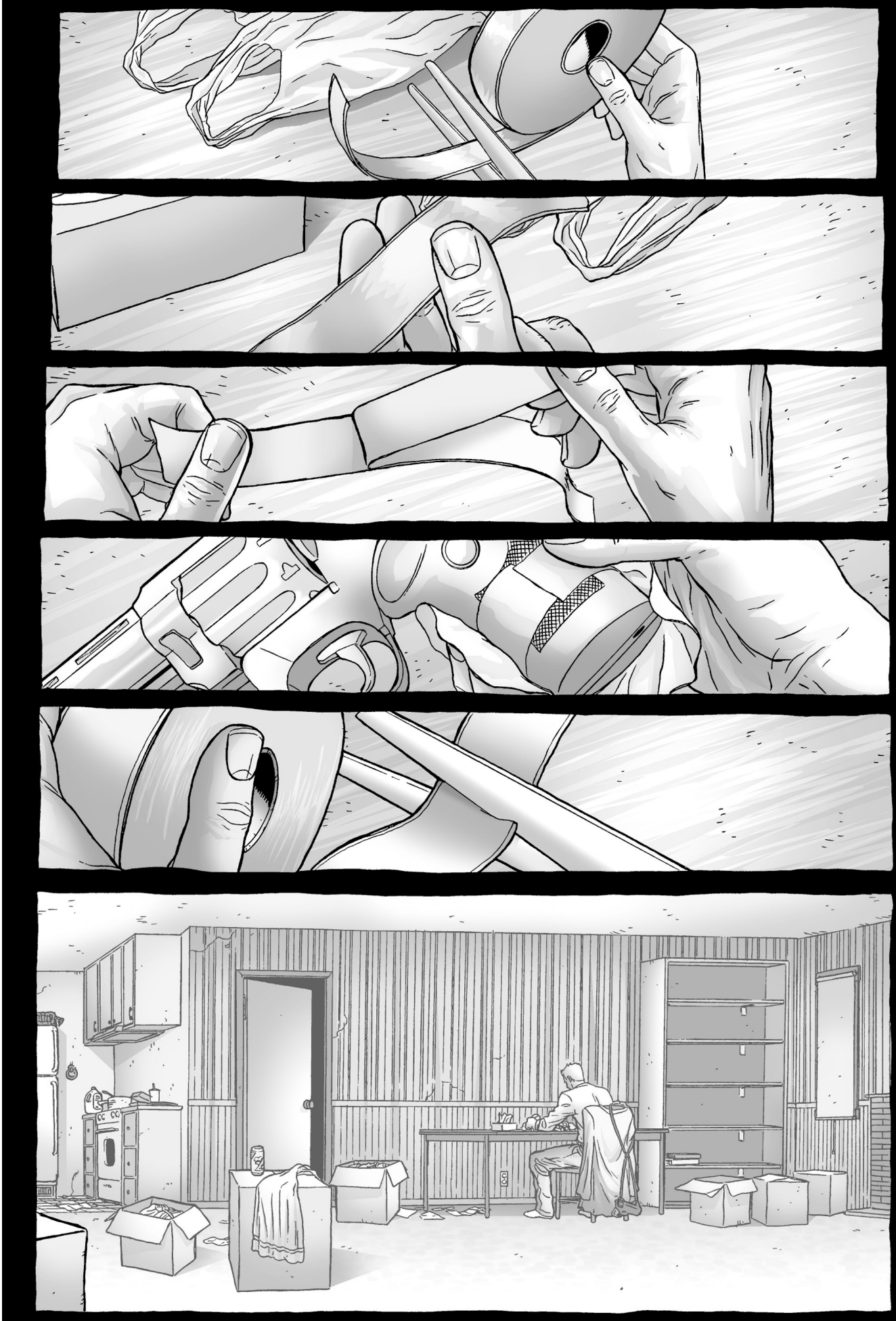
A. Abrasions
B. Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes and of face
C. Craniocerebral injuries
II. A. Scalp contusion
B. Linear, comminuted fracture of right side of skull
Characteristic pattern of contusions of right cerebral hemisphere
Subdural hemorrhage
four
V. Abrasion and
VI. Ligature of right wrist
Studies
JACEN 02

I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS HIM.
HER TEACHER.
COME ON, HE WAS JUST DRIVING HOME...
WHO ELSE KNEW, PAT?
HE'D KNOW WHAT THEY WERE DOING AFTER SCHOOL. ALL THE KIDS KNEW.
HOMICIDE
YOU THINK?
HE DROVE PAST THE SITE.
HE SAW ME. HE DAMN NEAR SHAT HIMSELF.

HE JUST HAD TO GO BACK AND TAKE A LOOK, FIND OUT HOW CLOSE WE WERE.
JESUS, MAYBE HE WAS JUST DRIVING HOME AND SAW YOU STARING AT HIM ON A STREET CORNER.
THAT'D MAKE ME NERVOUS, AND I WORK WITH YOU.
I WANT HIM MADE UP, PAT. I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THAT BASTARD.
HE'S A TEACHER. THERE. EASY.
COUPLE OF LITTLE GIRLS GOT KILLED IN ENGLAND A WHILE BACK. YOU KNOW WHO DID IT?
THE SCHOOL JANITOR.
THAT DON'T MEAN--
I WANT HIM WORKED UP.
OKAY, OKAY, BUT
JUST FUCKING DO IT THEN!

OKAY. THAT'S IT. JOHN, YOU'RE GOING HOME.
WHAT?
YOU HEARD ME.
YOU GO HOME, YOU GET YOUR HEAD TOGETHER, YOU COME BACK IN TOMORROW MORNING.
BUT--
DON'T FUCKING BUT ME, JOHN.
PAT'LL DO YOUR PAPERWORK. YOU'RE OUT OF HERE FOR THE DAY.
STARTING NOW.


YEAH.



HERE WE GO.

Y'KNOW, I BET YOU ALL KNEW WHERE SHE WAS GOING, RIGHT? YOU ALL KNEW THOSE TWO PLAYED TOGETHER?
SURE. BET THEY TALKED ABOUT IT IN THE PLAYGROUND AND STUFF, RIGHT?
I EVEN BET THEY TALKED ABOUT IT RIGHT HERE IN THE CLASSROOM, DIDN'T THEY?
SURE.
YEAH, THEY DID.
YES.
RIGHT HERE IN THE CLASSROOM.

WELL, KIDS, I GOT TO TELL YOU, YOU'VE BEEN A HUGE HELP TODAY.
YOU'RE SMART, AND YOU OBSERVE WELL. YOU'RE BETTER AT THIS THAN MOST GROWN-UPS. YOU SHOULD BE PROUD.
WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME? IT'S GOING TO BE WHAT CATCHES THIS CRIMINAL. REALLY.
I THINK YOU'VE SAVED ANOTHER KID FROM HAVING THIS HAPPEN TO THEM.
YOU DID GOOD.
DON'T YOU THINK THEY DID GOOD, MR WAKEFIELD?
YOU'VE ALL DONE VERY WELL, CLASS.
THANK YOU FOR COMING BACK, DETECTIVE CAIN.
YOU REMEMBERED MY NAME?
OH YES.

I THINK I SAW YOU YESTERDAY.
IN YOUR CAR.
I DON'T THINK SO.
THANKS AGAIN. HOPEFULLY THIS DID SOME GOOD.
YOU KNOW WHAT'D DO SOME GOOD?
EMPTYING MY GUN INTO THE FACE OF THE SHITFUCK WHO DID THIS.

APARTMENTS
TO LET

1 MARK WILLIAMS
2 JOHN WAKEFIELD
3 T. MARTIN
DETECTIVE?
JOHN'S A GOOD NAME.
WHAT IS THIS?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ZZA

DOCTOR NILES?
CAN I MAKE YOU AN HOUR LATE FOR WORK?
NEED TO TALK.
CITY MORGU
EM RENCY
THIS IS MY NIGHT OFF. I'M JUST STOPPING TO PICK UP SOME PAPERWORK.
YOU HAVE SOMEWHERE TO GO?
ME? NO.
LET ME BUY YOU A DRINK.
AND IT'S WENDY.

I KNOW HE DID IT.
KNEW IN THAT MOMENT.
OKAY, OKAY, I KNOW IT'S NOT RATIONAL.
I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING I CAN USE TO GET A SEARCH WARRANT. I HAD A FIGHT WITH MY PARTNER OVER EVEN PULLING THE GUY'S FILES.
THERE'S NOTHING TANGIBLE THERE.

EXCEPT THAT I KNOW HE DID IT.
HE RADIATES IT.
HE TURNED A LITTLE GIRL INTO CONFETTI AND HE SITS THERE IN A CLASS FULL OF CHILDREN WHO DON'T KNOW HE DID IT.
WHO DON'T UNDERSTAND THE POWER HE HAS OVER THEM.
AND HE FUCKING EXULTS IN IT, WENDY. YOU CAN SEE IT.
THAT'S HIS TROPHY. THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T TAKE A PIECE OF HER TO KEEP.
ALL HE HAS TO DO IS GO TO WORK. AND DRIVE PAST THE POINT WHERE HE SNATCHED HER ON HIS WAY HOME.
THAT'S GOING TO GET HIM OFF EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE.
I STILL THINK HE'S GOING TO DO IT AGAIN, JOHN.
WHAT IF YOU CAN'T CATCH HIM?
I'VE SCARED HIM A LITTLE BIT TODAY. I WANTED HIM TO KNOW THAT I KNOW.
WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? I MEAN, IF THERE'S ANY EVIDENCE LEFT IN HIS HOUSE, HE'LL TRY TO DESTROY IT ALL NOW...

OH, I HOPE SO.
EVEN DESTRUCTION OF EVIDENCE LEAVES EVIDENCE. AND THAT MIGHT WELL HAPPEN OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.
I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO LOOK IN THE YARD, BUT THAT'S SHARED PROPERTY, MAYBE...
I WANT HIM SCARED. EDGY. EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR, HE'S HAD THE POWER. THE CONTROL.
IF I CAN MAKE HIM THINK HE'S LOSING CONTROL, MAKE HIM SCRAMBLE TO GET THE UPPER HAND BACK...
...MAYBE HE'LL MAKE A MISTAKE THAT'LL LET YOU IN.
BUT WHAT IF HE DIDN'T DO IT?
HE DID IT.
THERE'S NO DOUBT IN YOUR MIND, IS THERE?
NONE.
OKAY. DIFFERENT TACK. WHAT IF YOU CAN NEVER PROVE IN A COURT OF LAW THAT HE DID IT?

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER DRINK.
NO, I'M SERIOUS, JOHN. WHAT IF YOU NEVER GET ENOUGH TO PUT IN FRONT OF THE D.A.'S OFFICE?
THEN...
...I MADE A PROMISE.
I THOUGHT SO.
I'LL GET THAT DRINK NOW.

GOOD GOD, LOOK AT WHAT I DRANK...
I THINK I'LL BE GETTING A CAB HOME.
ME TOO. AND SOMEONE TO CARRY ME INDOORS.
YOU WANT TO SPLIT A CAB HOME, MAYBE?
I'D LIKE THAT.
I MEAN, I'D REALLY, REALLY LIKE THAT.
OR, YOU KNOW... STOP AT MY PLACE FOR A WHILE.
I HAVE GOOD COFFEE. MY ONLY EXTRAVAGANCE. I CAN AT LEAST GET YOU SOBER ENOUGH TO WALK.

THEN LET'S SHARE A CAB.
I'D LIKE THAT.
EXIT
BUT...
EXIT
I'M GOING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.
EXIT

# SCARS

I was in conversation with the British actor-comedian Lenny Henry in a London club when *Scars* started to assemble it in my head. We were talking about his wish to eventually do some seriously hard-boiled, complex and controversial drama—his "Cracker", if you like. (And those of you who only saw the American remake, not the British original starring Robbie Coltrane, may not grasp the depth of that. Find the original series.) I was talking about wanting to write a personally disturbing piece of crime fiction, that took a detective out to the edge of his coping mechanism, a really disgusting crime that claws at your guts, like—and I was casting around for an example—like the little girl recently reported missing here in Britain, who everyone knew would be found dead, and who everyone knew would not have an easy death.

And Len flinched.

I left the club—stopping to laugh at a one-time famous British sitcom actor, now best known for his household cleaning product ads, pissed as a fart and desperately clinging to the staircase bannister so as not to fall on his face and never get up—turning it over in my head.

Some days later, it became clear that the girl had been abducted and murdered by her school's caretaker and his girlfriend.

I was around 15 when I found out that a teacher at my school, transferred from a school several miles away, had been moved for a very good reason. He liked teenage girls. Young teenage girls. And had been caught in a storeroom with one, apparently without her consent. This was the 1980s, and

good teachers were in short supply in the British school system. In point of fact, this person was an excellent teacher. So he was transferred out into a different area, silently, without a hint to the community as to why.

The school caretaker killed that little girl.

I think back to all the times I got car rides to school with teachers. The times girls I knew stayed behind after school with teachers. How teachers knew the relationships between pupils, knew where they lived, knew who walked home with who. Knew who walked home alone. Caretakers, the last to leave the school, seeing kids standing alone in the playground or outside the gates. Alf Bilby, the golden-hearted caretaker at my junior school, checking on kids, making sure people were okay, remembering names ten years after we left, after his retirement, never getting his little lawn on Sandown Road mowed in the summer because he was always stopping to talk to the ex-pupils who passed by.

Think for a moment, about the wrong person in any of those positions. Or the right person, after a breakdown—one teacher alone, in my five years of senior school, had three—or driven to the edge of his or her coping mechanism. We had teachers who beat kids. One snapped and threw a heavy piece of metal at a kid's head. In several instances kids were punched, although one was later seriously beaten by the kid's uncle.

Just one of them. And you get *Scars.*

—Warren Ellis

I.
A. Abrasions
B. Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes and of face
C. Craniocerebral injuries
II.
A. Scalp contusion
B. Linear, comminuted fracture of right side of skull
Pattern of contusions of right cerebral hemisphere
Subdural hemorrhage
five
IV. Abrasion and
V. Ligature of right wrist
VI.
VII. Histologic Studies

WAKEFIELD.
WHAT DID YOU FIND?
HE'S ONLY BEEN AT THE SCHOOL A YEAR. MOVED FROM ANOTHER SCHOOL BY THE EDUCATION AUTHORITY.
WHY?
THE NOTES ARE KIND OF CONFLICTING.
SUPPOSEDLY, IT WAS AT HIS REQUEST-- THOUGHT HE COULD DO MORE THERE, CLOSER TO HIS HOME.
HIS LETTER'S ON FILE, AND IT LOOKS, I DUNNO, COACHED.
THERE'S ALSO A NOTE ABOUT "INCOMPATIBILITY WITH STUDENTS AND STAFF."
WHO WROTE THE NOTE?
SOME DRONE IN THE AUTHORITY OFFICE, I DON'T KNOW.
LET'S GO AND SEE THE DRONE.
OKAY.
I'M DRIVING. YOU LOOK LIKE PROCESSED SHIT.

YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR TUNE.
MAYBE.
WHY?
EXIT ONLY
PARTLY, I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF THE FILE, YOU KNOW? PARTLY...
...YOU NEED TO DO THIS. I'M YOUR PARTNER. SO I NEED TO BACK YOU.
YOU THINK I NEED THIS?
I THINK YOU'VE GOT IT BETWEEN YOUR TEETH. I DON'T WANT TO GUESS WHY.
GO ON, TAKE YOUR GUTS IN BOTH HANDS. GUESS.
YOU WANT TO DO THIS HERE?
YEAH.
IT'S THE THING NO-ONE CAN TALK TO YOU ABOUT, JOHN.
YOU LOST SOMETHING AND YOU COULDN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT. AND NEITHER DID ANYONE ELSE.
AND YOU CAN'T SAVE THIS KID EITHER BUT YOU CAN SURE AS HELL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT THIS TIME.

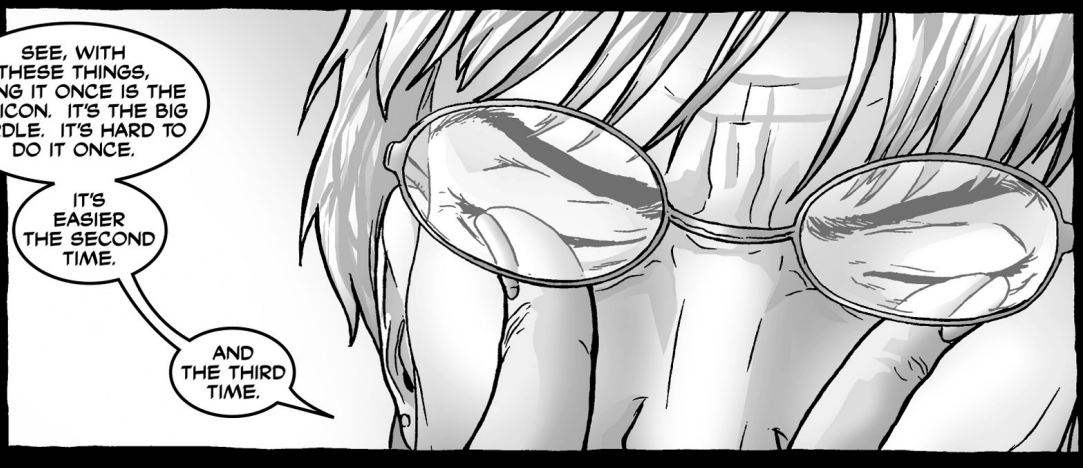
CLOSE ENOUGH?
WE NEED TO GO AND SEE THIS PERSON NOW.
YEAH.

JOHN WAKEFIELD.
I KNEW THIS'D COME BACK TO BITE US ON THE ASS, I TOLD THEM.
WHAT DID HE DO THIS TIME?
WE CAN'T SAY AT THIS TIME, MS HARRIS. BUT WE DO NEED TO KNOW THE THINKING BEHIND THIS NOTE.
WHAT PRECIPITATED HIS TRANSFER TO HIS CURRENT SCHOOL?
THEY WOULDN'T LET ME PUT IT IN THE FILE. APPARENTLY THERE ARE SO FEW TEACHERS THAT WE CAN LET...
ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.
...OKAY.
HE WAS FOUND IN A STORE CUPBOARD WITH A STUDENT. FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL.
HE TOLD US SHE'D TRICKED HIM IN THERE AND HE HAD A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS.

SHE GAVE HIM UP IN A HOT SECOND. SAID THEY'D BEEN SLEEPING TOGETHER FOR TWO YEARS.
WE SET UP A CONFRONTATION. COACHED HER. WE'RE GOOD AT COACHING.
HE GENUINELY BELIEVED SHE LOVED HIM. WE HAD HER LAUGH AT HIM.

IT ALL CAME OUT.
HE WENT FOR HER. THANK GOD WE HAD THE GYM INSTRUCTOR THERE.

THE AUTHORITY'S VIEW WAS THAT, DUE TO HIS EMOTIONAL INVESTMENT IN THE SITUATION, THIS WAS A ONE-TIME ABERRATION.
HE WAS TRANSFERRED. WE NEEDED A TEACHER AT HIS NEW SITE, AFTER ALL.
HE HAD KIND OF A BREAKDOWN AFTERWARDS. WE GAVE HIM PAID VACATION TIME WHILE HE STRAIGHTENED OUT.
I WAS SHOUTED DOWN. BIG TIME.


SEE, WITH THESE THINGS, DOING IT ONCE IS THE RUBICON. IT'S THE BIG HURDLE. IT'S HARD TO DO IT ONCE.
IT'S EASIER THE SECOND TIME.
AND THE THIRD TIME.

HE FELL IN LOVE WITH A CHILD AND SHE BETRAYED HIM.
YOU'RE HIM. YOU'RE FALLING FOR A PRETTY GIRL. BUT THE LAST TIME THAT HAPPENED, IT ENDED IN HORROR, HUMILIATION AND A BREAKDOWN. WHAT DO YOU DO?
KILL HER FIRST? THAT'S A BIT OF A JUMP.
AND THE SITUATION'S DIFFERENT. A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD IS DIFFERENT TO A NINE YEAR OLD.
HOW?
TITS, FOR ONE THING.
TIME WAS, YOU WOULD'VE LAUGHED AND CALLED ME GROSS FOR THAT.
THIS IS THE GIRL.
SAME HAIR AS TIFFANY. SAME EYES.
JUST OLDER.

SHIT.
WHAT NOW?
SEARCH WARRANT.
YOU'LL NEVER GET IT.
WHY NOT?
WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH. WE DON'T HAVE AN OFFICIAL POSITION FROM THE SCHOOL. WE DON'T HAVE SCENE EVIDENCE, WITNESSES, CRIMINAL PREVIOUS, ANYTHING...
I'M GOING TO TRY.
LIEUTENANT? I NEED SOMEONE FRIENDLY FOR A SEARCH WARRANT.
GET IN HERE.

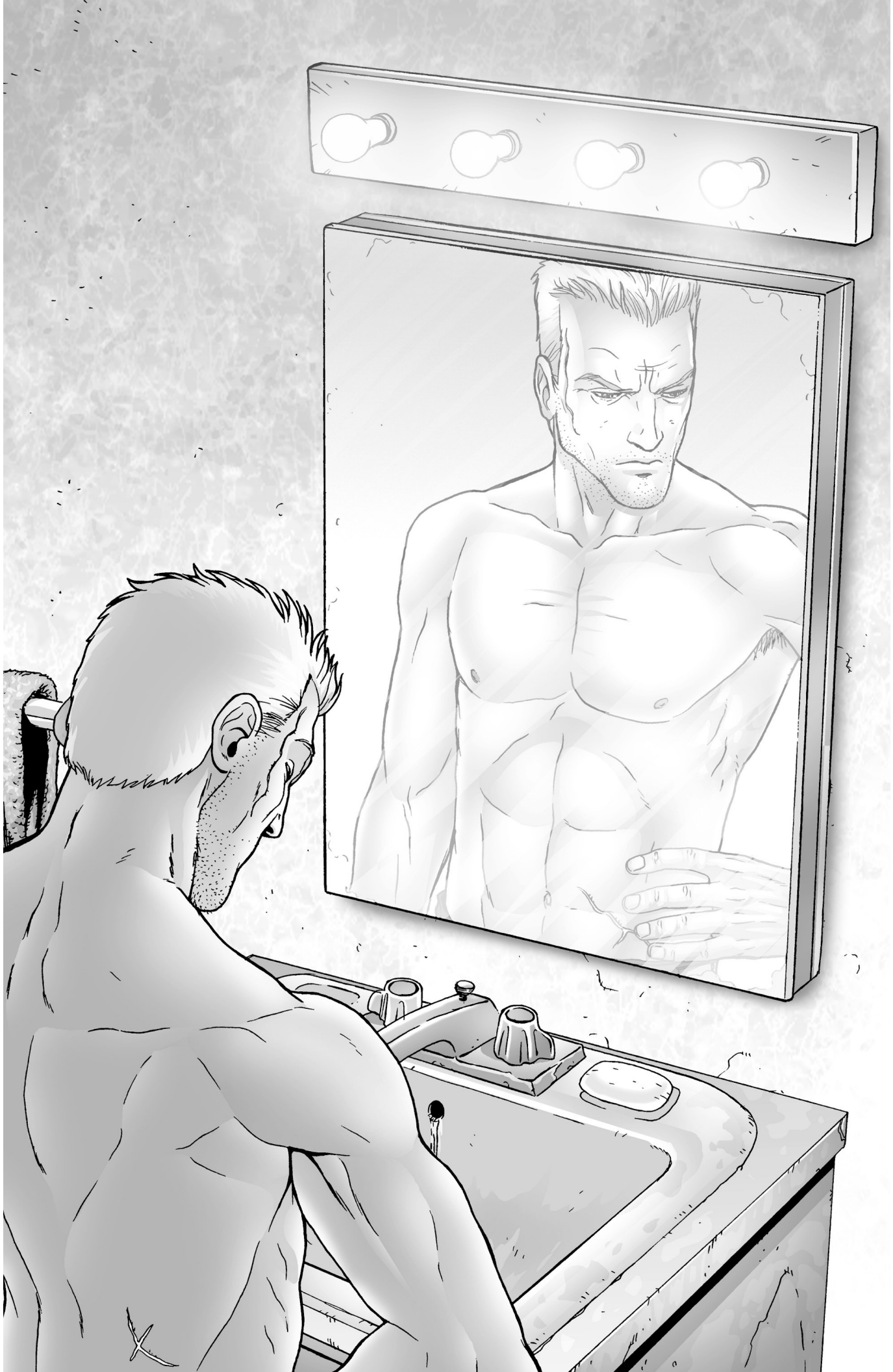
YOU ASSAULTED A DETECTIVE UPTOWN. INTERNAL AFFAIRS HAVE BEEN INFORMED.
WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU, CAIN? YOU KNOW THOSE SLICK KIDS UPTOWN SCREAM LIKE GIRLS IF YOU LOOK AT THEIR SHOES FUNNY.
YOU'RE LOSING IT. I SHOULD TAKE YOU OUT OF THE OFFICE AGAIN.
WE NEED A SEARCH WARRANT. I KNOW WHO KILLED TIFFANY.
WHO?
IT'S THE TEACHER--
NO. WHO'S TIFFANY?

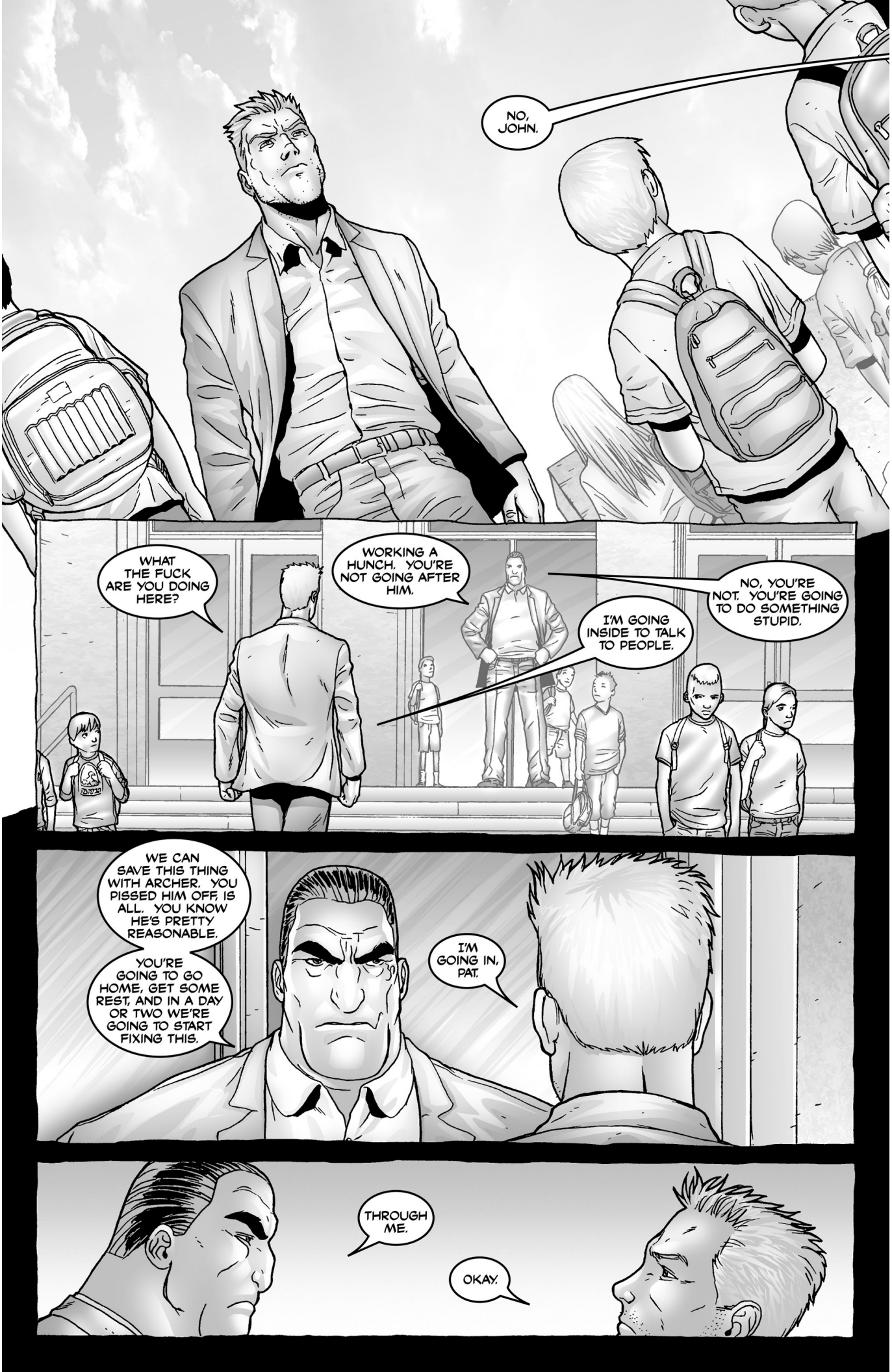
YOU...
WHAT? YOU WANT TO CALL ME A NAME? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
IT'S THE LITTLE GIRL. IN THE BOXES.
SHE'S A CASE. SHE'S A LAST NAME AND A CASE NUMBER. GROW UP, JOHN.
FUCK YOU.
WHAT DID YOU JUST FUCKING SAY TO ME?
FUCK YOU. SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL. SHE WANTED TO PLAY WITH HER FRIEND AND GO HOME AND WATCH TV AND BE SAFE.
FUCK ME? FUCK YOU. YOU'RE OUT OF HERE, PENDING PSYCH EVALUATION.
BOSS, PLEASE--
AND FUCK YOU TOO, AMERSHAM. I KNOW HOW YOU COVER FOR HIM. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIM BACK ON THE JOB.

I'VE WAITED FOR YOU AND FOUGHT FOR YOU AND I'M ALL OUT OF PATIENCE.
GET OUT. WAIT FOR THE CALL FROM IA.
AND I'M TELLING YOU NOW-- IF YOU GET AWAY WITH PUNCHING OUT ANOTHER DETECTIVE, YOU'RE STILL NOT COMING BACK HERE.
I'LL TRANSFER YOU TO ANOTHER PRECINCT AND YOU AND YOUR FUCKEDUPNESS CAN BE SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM.
GET OUT.
HE WAS TRANSFERRED. WE NEEDED A TEACHER AT HIS NEW SITE, AFTER ALL.
HE HAD KIND OF A BREAKDOWN AFTERWARDS. WE GAVE HIM PAID VACATION TIME WHILE HE STRAIGHTENED OUT.

SURE YOU'RE SURE. YOU'RE JUST SCARED.
AM NOT.
ARE TOO. YOU'RE NERVOUS. IT'S A BIG THING.
I JUST DON'T KNOW... I MEAN, HOW DO YOU BE A FATHER?
THERE ISN'T A MANUAL, JOHN. NO PROCEDURE BOOK. I MEAN, YOU COULD ARREST HER EVERY NOW AND THEN...
THAT'S WEIRD, TOO. SHOULD WE KNOW IT'S A GIRL?
Kiddy Land
LISTEN. IT'S GOING TO BE FUN.
YOU KNOW WHAT? SHE'S GOING TO BE DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL.
LIKE YOU?
YEAH. ALL LITTLE GIRLS ARE.
I USED TO PLAY HIDE AND SEEK WITH MY DAD. BUT I ALWAYS MADE SURE HE COULD FIND ME. YOU KNOW WHY?
SO WE COULD PLAY AGAIN. I WANTED HIM TO FIND ME SO WE COULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN AND PLAY ALL DAY.

THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING TO BE.
IT'S GOING TO MAKE YOU NEW ALL OVER AGAIN. AND YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE IT.
I LOVE YOU, LAURIE.
YOU BETTER.
SO WHICH STORE NOW?
OVER HERE.
JOHN




NO, JOHN.
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WORKING A HUNCH. YOU'RE NOT GOING AFTER HIM.
I'M GOING INSIDE TO TALK TO PEOPLE.
NO, YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING STUPID.
WE CAN SAVE THIS THING WITH ARCHER. YOU PISSED HIM OFF, IS ALL. YOU KNOW HE'S PRETTY REASONABLE.
YOU'RE GOING TO GO HOME, GET SOME REST, AND IN A DAY OR TWO WE'RE GOING TO START FIXING THIS.
I'M GOING IN, PAT.
THROUGH ME.
OKAY.

THIS ONE WAS TOO WEIRD FOR YOU, THAT'S ALL.
WE HAVE A GOOD BASIS TO START A PROPER INVESTIGATION.
WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME. WE'LL FIX THINGS AND THEN TAKE IT SLOW, GET THE GUY RIGHT.
YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE MADE THOSE PEOPLE THAT PROMISE, MAN.

# SCARS

Warren, done with *Scars* even if the rest of us aren't, is horrored out so I've been asked to step in.

When I was younger, I had a love-hate affair with glass. Glass loved me. I hated it. Three incidents I specifically recall:

1) In my early teens, a bottle of 7-Up blew up in my hand when I tried to open it. Long before they started making bottles with granulating glass. We were digging shards out of the kitchen wall in all directions for weeks afterward. Not a scratch on me.

2) Following high school I rented a room in a boarding house, and, when I was moving out, the support chord on the window in my room snapped. The window dropped like a stone, shattering like a bomb hit it when it struck the window frame. Glass everywhere over a five foot radius. I was standing right in front of it when it happened. Not a scratch.

3) Three months later I was walking past a sandwich shop when, for no particular reason, its plate glass window exploded out onto the street. *Big* fucking jagged hunks everywhere. Gouged the hell out of a car's paint job. I was close enough to the window to lean against it. Cuts? Scratches? Not one.

This may sound like a good thing. Trust me, it's not. You don't realize how much glass there is in the world until it starts using you like one of those target range dummies you're not supposed to shoot. Glass is supposed to be an inanimate object. It's not supposed to start showing affection, or intent.

It's not in the natural order.

We like to confuse fear and horror, but they're not the same thing. Human beings have only two inborn fears, fear of loud noises and fear of falling. Quite reasonable responses to eons of life on the savannah, where noise meant danger and high tree branches were sanctuary. Fear's a survival instinct. It

tells you when to run. H.P. Lovecraft said the essence of horror is to walk into your garden to find your roses are singing. Of course, Lovecraft was a prissy mama's boy and, me, I find the concept of singing roses kind of cool (if they're singing something good). But metaphorically he nailed it. Gardens of song? Not in the natural order.

All stories start as horror stories. Every sitcom, every cop novel, every romance. They presume a natural order of things, then something disrupts it. Disruption is horror. The level of disruption and how it's dealt with makes it the kind of story it is. In most cases the status quo's restored. This is why most "horror stories" aren't really horror. If things go back to normal at the end, they're adventure stories. It's why some crime

stories are really horror stories: because they're about death. Death is both the ultimate disruption to the natural order —there's no coming back from it—and the ultimate reminder of the real natural order, the one we pretend doesn't exist. A child goes missing, is slowly tortured to death. By the time we're adults we learn to rationalize pain and death. Most children don't. Animals can't. That's why we have greater sympathy for small children and animals. Adults understand that under the skin of the world there are monsters lying in wait. We might not like it, but we know it. We know about death camps, about creepy men in backwoods houses who waylay strangers and make soup and tuxedos out of them, about burglars who rape and murder 85-year old women confined to wheelchairs and religious crackpots who kidnap teenagers from their bedrooms. For children these things are true disruptions of the natural order.

And when that little girl is slowly and brutally murdered? The officer may avenge her, the killer possibly brought to "justice," other victims spared, but no restoration's possible. The little girl's still dead. The disruption can never be healed, or even forgotten, only ignored.

Because ignoring it's the only way to tell ourselves there's a natural order where little girls can remain safe, where monsters don't really prowl under the skin of the world. Anything else means something has gone fundamentally wrong with the universe, or, worse, it was fundamentally wrong to begin with and there's no way to make it better.

The glass aside, I only recall one truly horrific moment in my life. When I was 11 I went to wash my hands, but when I turned on the tap, a cascade of dead bugs came out instead of water. Beetles, ants, bees, crickets, spiders, grasshoppers. Bugs gave me the creeps when I was a kid; I screamed and slammed the tap off. My mother came running, and patiently explained how it couldn't have happened; there was a wire filter on the underside of the spout that would've trapped the bugs. So they weren't there. I didn't see them. But I saw them. Even today I squirm when I think of it, because even then I understood the problem:

If they weren't there and I saw them, there's something drastically wrong with me. If they were there, and I saw them, something's drastically wrong with the universe.

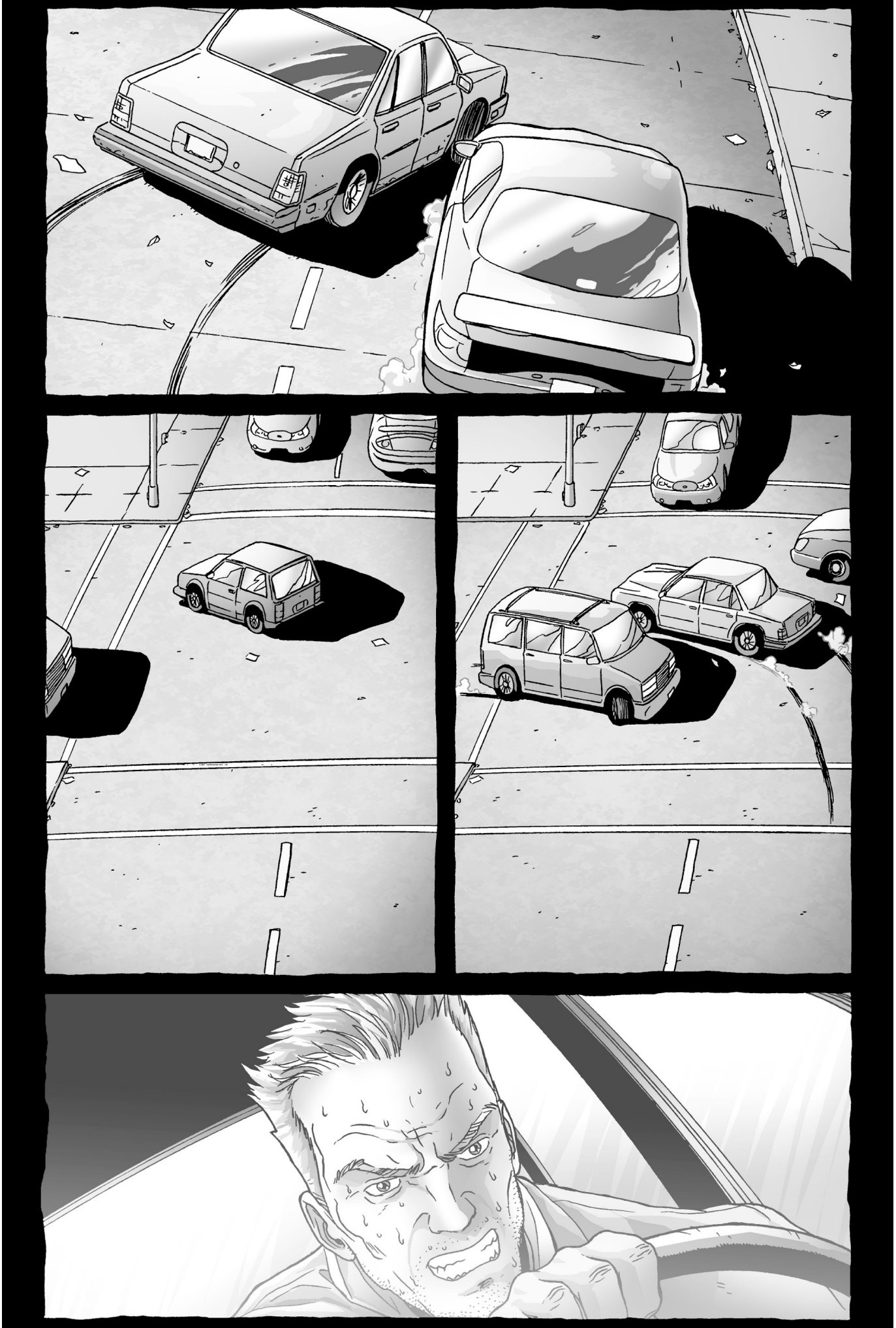
Fear's a survival instinct. It tells you when to run. Horror's when you realize there is nowhere to run.

—Steven Grant

Abrasions
Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes and of face
Craniocerebral injuries
Scalp contusion
Linear, comminuted fracture of right side of skull
pattern of contusions of right cerebral hemisph
dural hemorrhage
six
Abrasion and
Ligature of right wrist

V. Abrasion and
VI. Ligature of right wrist

SLOW

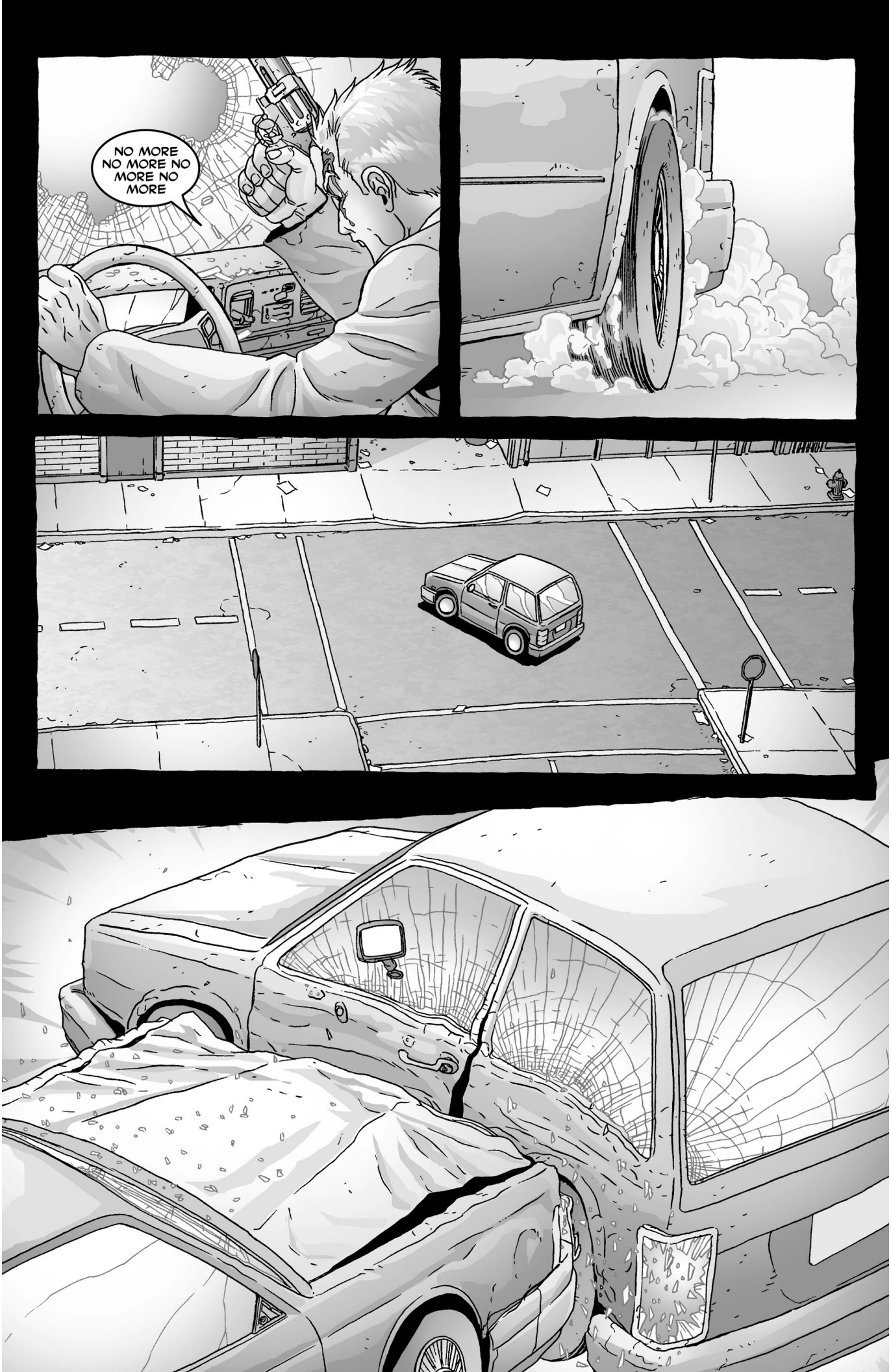


SHIT--

OH SHIT, OH SHIT, OH SHIT...
PLEASE, PLEASE.
NO NO NO NO
FUCK!

STOP

NAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAGGGGGG


NO MORE NO MORE NO MORE NO MORE

GA
OH SHIT.

LEAVE ME ALONE!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU WANT TO KNOW I DID IT?
OKAY! I DID IT! I KILLED HER!
YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME FOR IT! THE WORSE YOU MAKE THIS, THE LESS CHANCE THERE IS OF MY EVER PAYING FOR IT!
DON'T YOU SEE? YOU'RE MY GET OUT OF JAIL FREE CARD NOW! YOU'VE ASSAULTED ME, HARRASSED ME, ALMOST FUCKING KILLED ME--
--YOU CAN'T ARREST ME NOW!

I NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT ARRESTING YOU.
YOU KILLED A LITTLE GIRL. YOU TORTURED AND KILLED HER. YOU WERE NEVER JUST GOING TO BE ARRESTED.
I CAN'T STAND THIS ANYMORE. I CAN'T STAND BEING ON THE SAME PLANET AS YOU.
MY PREGNANT GIRLFRIEND WAS SHOT THROUGH THE WOMB.
MY DAUGHTER'S BLOOD WAS ON THE BULLET THAT WENT THROUGH THEM INTO MY STOMACH.
I HAVE MY LITTLE GIRL'S BLOOD IN MY SCAR.
DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH BEING A MONSTER?
YOU'RE THE FUCKING MONSTER. YOU'RE THE FUCKING MONSTER.
I DON'T CARE.

JOHN, PUT THE GUN DOWN.
YOU WERE PRETTY EASY TO FOLLOW, JOHN. WHAT DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GOING TO DO?
SHOOT HIM WITH MY DROP GUN. LET HIS BODY FALL INTO THE WATER.
THIS PART OF THE RIVER CAN'T BE DREDGED FOR ALL THE CRAP ON THE BED, AND NO-ONE'S GOING TO WASTE DIVERS ON A CHILD KILLER.
PUT THE GUN DOWN, JOHN.
NO. I MADE A PROMISE. HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT.
SO PUT THE GUN DOWN AND LET'S NAIL HIM PROPERLY, SO HE GOES TO PRISON. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DO TO CHILD KILLERS IN PRISON.
WE'RE COPS, JOHN. LET'S DO THIS RIGHT.
WE'RE NOT COPS. WE'RE BYSTANDERS WITH BADGES.
THIS WHOLE CITY IS ONE BIG DRIVE-BY AND WE'RE JUST STANDING THERE.
WE LIVE IN A PLACE WHERE A CHILD CAN BE REDUCED TO THREE BOXES OF MEAT AND WE WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

IF YOU SHOOT, JOHN, I'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO TAKE YOU DOWN.
YOU WANT TO LIVE, JOHN.
DO WE HAVE CHOICES NOW, WAKEFIELD?
I WANT TO LIVE. MORE THAN ANYTHING.
THIS ISN'T FAIR. THIS ISN'T FAIR AND I WANT TO LIVE.
NO.
THIS ISN'T FAIR. NONE OF IT.

OKAY.

END

# SCARS

I like cactus. I don't know why, but the sight of a cactus, it doesn't matter which species, always fills me with hope, and joy. Go figure.

I'm slowly re-landscaping my front yard to shift to a desert motif. Lots of cacti. A neighbor down the street from me recently redid his yard into a cactus garden, and when I walk the dog (no euphemism; I have a dog) I like to pause there and look at cactus. It's one of my few moments of peace every day.

He had one to the left of his driveway. It looked like a monstrous shamrock with dinosaur skin and thorns. It was beautiful. I walked by last week and someone had smashed it all up.

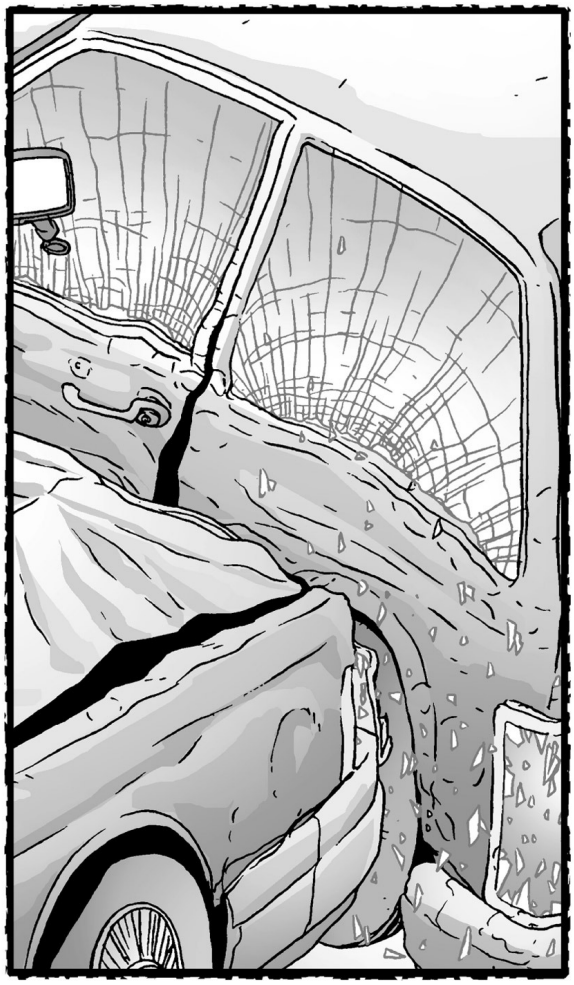
I should be jaded about these things. I've seen them all my life.

I worked in a theater in college. My boss' wife developed cancer, which they easily removed. Then a brain tumor shows up out of nowhere, swells to the size of a football. Inoperable. She was one of the smartest people I ever met. By the time she died, she had no idea who he was. She had no mind left at all.

He took a week off after the funeral, and when he came in, all he said to me was, "Never love anything. Don't even have a dog. Somehow the bastards will take it all away from you."

The bastards are everywhere. Bad enough fate and accident are mindlessly cruel. "Evil bastard"'s redundant. Know what real evil is? It's when someone inflicts pain, humiliation, suffering and death just because they can.

St. Patrick's Day in Manhattan, '82. Catholic high school boys, off school for the day, drunk and roving in packs, assaulting women right on Columbus Avenue: surrounding them, lifting skirts, feeling them up. Standard Paddy's Day practice. 2001: we finally hear for decades, probably centuries,



the Church has protected pedophile priests, reassigning them to new victims instead of expunging and prosecuting them.

These things don't happen by accident. Monsters don't happen by accident, they don't suddenly materialize, circuits don't suddenly go haywire in their heads. They're built up, bit by bit. They accrue. They learn.

I have a sister who's not even a year older. 50 weeks. We had a tense relationship throughout childhood, but I learned a lot from her. I'd watch her try to get away with things and get caught. When I did them, I didn't get caught. I'd seen where she screwed up and didn't make her mistakes. It wasn't conscious. I just learned. I got the secret messages. Kids do that.

Kids learn from everything, and what

they get is the secret messages. You may hit your kid (and, if you do, I bet your parents hit you, which is where you learned it) to put the fear of God into them, but here's what you're really saying: love is betrayal, and whoever's bigger and stronger gets to beat around whoever's weaker and smaller. There are all kinds of ways to abuse kids—hit them, ignore them, systematically berate and denigrate them, abandon them, plus the more extreme rape and torture—and they learn from all of them, and the people who do it to their kids probably learned from their parents. Repeat back generations.

That's where monsters come from. Scars that rip open and heal over, passed from generation to generation, finally grown infected and cancerous.

If we look, we can see them coming: the kid who tears the wings off flies or puts a kitten in a bag and drowns it. For fun, or entertainment. Or maybe they kick in a cactus. That's what the shrinks now think happens with monsters: they start small, work their way up. Flex their muscles a little more each time. Until they start to rape, or kidnap, or murder. Because they can. We can see them coming, but mostly we'd rather not. Freud originally though neuroses were caused by childhood sexual abuse and his research suggested it was common even in polite Viennese society, which was so polite it almost branded Freud a dangerous criminal, until he recanted and, to save his career, substituted his better known theory of neuroses as the result of infantile sexual fantasy. Except he was right the first time and "we" looked the other way, because the truth was too hard to look at.

It's still hard. Now that we know better and abuse is widely reported, you get people claiming awareness of abuse is causing abuse and arguing against even mentioning it. Instead of admitting it's an ongoing pattern since the dawn of time, and has to be stopped.

Some scars happen by accident, some are ritual. All are there to remind us of what we've learned. What we do with what we've learned is what makes us monsters and bastards, or not.

God gave Moses the Ten Commandments: rules of behavior that were supposed to make people moral. Ten was too much to remember. Jesus knew this. He brought them down to two: Love God and Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself. Still too much to remember, if the last 2000 years is an indicator. So let's bring it down to a simple four words:

Don't be a bastard.

—Steven Grant

CSU
CSU

B. Petechial hemorrhages, conjunctival surfaces of eyes and of face
II. Craniocerebral injuries
A. Scalp contusion
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Studies
JACEN
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NIMBUS